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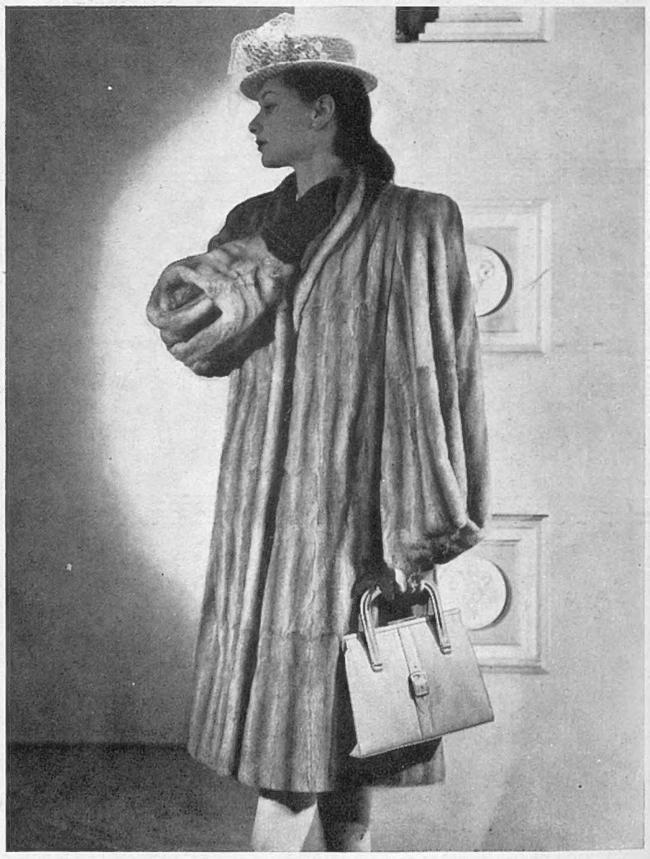

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Volume CXCII No. 2502

The SPHERE, London, January 17, 1948

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

EX-KING MICHAEL AND HIS MOTHER IN EXILE—RUMANIA'S DETHRONED MONARCH IN HIS HOTEL SUITE AT LAUSANNE, WHERE THE FIRST DAYS OF EXILE WERE SPENT: It was from Lausanne that he was able to telephone Princess Anne in Copenhagen, and the Princess, accompanied by her mother, Princess Margaret of Denmark, has since set out to meet him, stopping en route in Luxembourg

Last Monday the doings of ex-King Michael were still wrapped in a certain degree of mystery. His fiancée, Princess Anne of Bourbon-Parma, was reportedly on the way to meet him, possibly in France, and en route she stayed at Fischbach Castle, North Luxembourg, the home of her aunt, the Grand Duchess Charlotte. "Neither the date nor the place of our wedding has yet been chosen," Princess Anne declared in an interview. Meanwhile, from Estoril, Portugal, ex-King Carol declared his disquietude at the turn of events in Rumania, his thankfulness that his son was safe, and his grief that he had not yet heard from him. Ex-King Michael, living quietly with his mother in Lausanne, is reported to have turned down a £40,000 offer for his memoirs from an American publishing house. It is not known what provision, if any, the Rumanian People's Republic is to make on the ex-King's behalf, but it is possible that he may have to sell his cars to obtain some ready money

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Second Chamber Issue.

—It is said with some authority in the Press that the Lords will certainly reject the Parliament Act Amendment Bill and that a Committee of Conservative Peers have already formulated a scheme of reform (containing no very novel feature) as a preparation for the inevitable constitutional conflict. This scheme proposes the abandonment, except in exceptional cases, of the hereditary principle; a House composed of 300 Members, 100 of the Right, 100 of the Left, and 100 non-Party or middle; and payment of Members. The Committee consider that any reform of the present House and system must come from the Government, and accordingly their plan merely indicates the lines on which their House would co-operate in any Government move to reform it. The vital clause in these proposals is no doubt No. 1—the hereditary principle. The Conservative peers obviously regard its total elimination as likely to weaken the Monarchy as the sole surviving example of the hereditary principle. It may be sound judgment, but it is difficult to see how a compromise in the Second Chamber could work. Nor are the Committee's intentions on this point made clear by the phrase, "The principle ought to be retained to a severely limited extent and only where long public service warrants it." Does that mean that the Cecils and the Stanleys (for example) should retain their hereditary rights, because they have such a fine record of public service over the centuries? Or does it mean that Mr. Smith should be made an *hereditary* peer because his service to the State has been so long and outstanding? The trouble with the latter alternative is that the sons of great men are not guaranteed greatness. That is, indeed, the crux of the weakness of the hereditary principle. As to the former alternative, the selection would surely be impossibly invidious, and in a generation might well cease to be justified. I do not see how any compromise with the hereditary principle could be acceptable or workable. But I do not think the present Government has any desire or intention to reform the Upper House. It does not wish to strengthen it. It wishes to emasculate it by slow degrees. It desires that its present anomalies should continue to weaken it in public regard.

The Fool and His Money.—

I heard a famous speculator remark towards the end of his life that he was "quite sure he would be a richer man to-day if he had never ventured his money outside Trustee Securities." I never had much money to invest. Until after World War I, indeed, I do not suppose I had £100 to play with. The end of World War I, however, left me "passing rich" (what with blood money and savings and the tardy adoption of a profession which yielded me a reasonable income), and (in the post-war gambling spirit) I laid out my assets in get-rich-quick counters. And all my savings went quickly down the sink in Commercial Corporation of London shares, in a Canadian "gold-mine" and a South African orange grove. Then I remembered the famous speculator's advice and put my savings rigorously into Trustee Securities. And it is quite true that since World War I I have never felt the pinch, never felt a desire for more money than I possessed. But that was due to conditions peculiar to myself. It affords no generalisation. And yesterday I glanced at the compensation offered me for my holdings in British Railways, those senior counters which were accepted as "suitable for widows and orphans." My famous speculator has long since gone to his account. But I wonder if he would change his view of the wisdom of locking up his millions in British Railway Preference Stocks. Gamblers in "ordinaries" since World War I, no doubt, deserve their present fate, but "Trustee Securities" were always assumed to carry at least the guarantee of reasonable security, to represent the sound paternal advice of the Government of the day to responsible citizens and trustees. That being said, a capital levy becomes almost a logical next step. When Governments start robbing the hen-roost, they may as well be hanged for a layer as for a three-months-old pullet. And, anyway, modern Governments encourage gambling.

Governments and Gambling.

—The attitude of the British Government towards betting and gambling in our time has been justly branded as hypocrisy. It has consistently set its face against raising money in times of trouble by State lotteries, and has as consistently winked at private gambling. It expends infinite pains, time and money in encouraging saving, and only now at the end of the boot has it begun to penalise by mild taxation those gambling institutions which absorb a considerable part of the weekly earnings of a majority of the workers. The time and money dissipated in pools and dog-race and horse-race betting every week can never be estimated, nor their effect on our national economy and output, but none doubts that the craze is disastrous. No measure which the Socialist Government could put forward and promote (unless it be simplification of Income and Super-tax rules and instructions) could have heartier support from me than the abandonment of official hypocrisy and hesitation on this subject of gambling. Either gambling is a major social evil and all who promote it should be taxed or penalised out of existence: Or, it is "in our blood," and ineradicable, and the Government for the good of the State should cash in on it to the last penny and regulate it by every means to reduce its evils and crooked practices. To condemn it as a public, and to wink at it as a private, practice, is no longer to be tolerated. When Socialists whisper of the prospect of a capital levy, which must catch and cripple the minority of sane and patriotic and prudent citizens, it glares to heaven that the first and the just step is to turn off the tap through which every week millions on millions of hard-earned money leak away into untaxable, anonymous hands, or to pipe that leakage into the Treasury Reservoirs.

O.M. and Women.—

The Order of Merit was created in 1902, as I believe. Unlike the Garter, it carries no "precedence," and is awarded for sheer, stark intellectual ability, for plain "damned merit." It is confined to a handful of living notables, men or women, and, five years after its creation, it was carried to Florence Nightingale's deathbed and bestowed on her. "Too kind, too kind," she murmured to Sir Douglas Dawson; without irony, as Strachey judged. Since that presentation in 1907, on how many women has the Order been bestowed? You 'd be surprised. . . . The Order has to date practically been confined to men. A very few male minnows may have crept in through the mesh (some may wonder how Barrie got there), but for the most part the Order has never been let down. But where are the women? Among the two dozen living intellectual giants of a day, is there never a woman? And what do feminists say to that? I record this note following the bestowal of the C.H. on Mrs. Harold Nicolson. I can't help thinking she must have been a near miss. And her name calls to mind other women candidates in other intellectual fields. The subject raises some interesting, if controversial, questions. I should be sorry to be a member of the Advisory Committee on the bestowal of Honours, in those cases where the rise to higher steps in the peerage or orders of knighthood is not virtually automatic.

DESTROYING THE TATTERED REMNANTS OF HITLER'S UNIFORM—A SECRET OPERATION TO PREVENT IT BECOMING AN OBJECT OF VENERATION AMONG CRYPTO-FASCISTS: On August 27, 1947, on a site known only to high Army officers and Military Government officials, the blood-spattered, shredded and torn uniform of Hitler was doused with petrol and completely burnt. The uniform, shown in this picture a few moments before it was destroyed, was worn by the Führer when the bomb plot was made on his life on July 20, 1944, and although he escaped serious injury, his clothes were badly torn. To prevent it from ever becoming a place of pilgrimage, the scene of the disposal of the uniform remains, and it is hoped will remain, a "top-secret"

Rugby's New Head.—

Sir Arthur fforde's appointment as Headmaster of Rugby is of more than local interest. It is a parallel in the scholastic world with the selection for high diplomatic posts of outstanding public men outside the profession of diplomat, which became common after World War I. In each case an inevitable reaction was a cold douche to the professionals. The top rungs of their ladders are threatened. But no better choice for a novel departure could have been made than Sir Arthur fforde. For he is in every essential the perfect product of Rugby. In work and games he was outstanding, in character he is preux chevalier, and his career has been a signal instance of great ability and of outstanding organising genius quickly recognised. He is young and vigorous, has never lost touch with Rugby, has won eminence in public and professional life and yet never lost sight of what was his earliest vocation. Rugby is feeling the economic blizzard. At the moment, it is perhaps in greater need of an economic administrator than of an educational reformer or moral leader. There is every reason to suppose that Sir Arthur can fill to perfection the triple bill. But I can understand that many young, ambitious men in the teaching profession whose qualifications tower above the scales of their salaries, may be discouraged by the choice of the Rugby Governing Body. They may well conclude that their best hope of high educational preferment lies in not practising teaching. It is certainly a dilemma. The public schools to-day have three great problems to face—improved education, an improved economy and intensified moral leadership; and the second of these is a task which should be divorced from the duties of headmaster. It is a full-time job for a provost or super bursar—who may well be recruited from outside the profession. But every outstandingly qualified junior master should carry a headmastership in his knapsack.

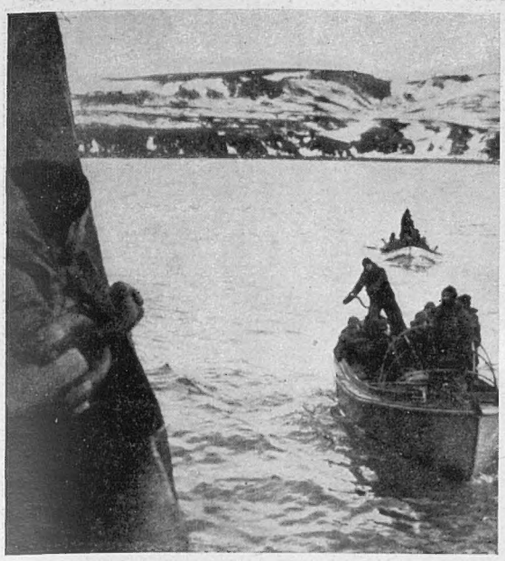
The Belle of New York.—

Edna May has died in Switzerland, her age given as sixty-nine. I suppose the twenty-thirty-year-olds who are stage-fans to-day might well ask: "And who was Edna May?" Here, indeed, is the special tragedy of a stage star. At the dawn of this century, she was quite as famous as is Mr. Churchill to-day; her name was on every tongue, her picture in every photograph shop; her songs on every barrel-organ and errand-boy's tongue. And she died at sixty-nine, utterly forgotten. No mention of her in any book of reference; no one left to rake the ash-heap of his stage memories to pen an obituary appreciation. Sixty-nine or ninety-nine? She died on the day when the Press announced the order of popularity among living film stars; and for them her death is a *memento mori*. A pretty face, a tolerable voice, a luckily catchy song . . . and the Press agents and the fans did the rest in those flashy Edwardian days, as they still do in Austerity Era. They raise to international fame the lucky star, and when the star falls, oh! what a fall is there! Perhaps Joad is right. The bathos of a life of adventure is too terrible to risk. Better to work for a "pension at sixty."

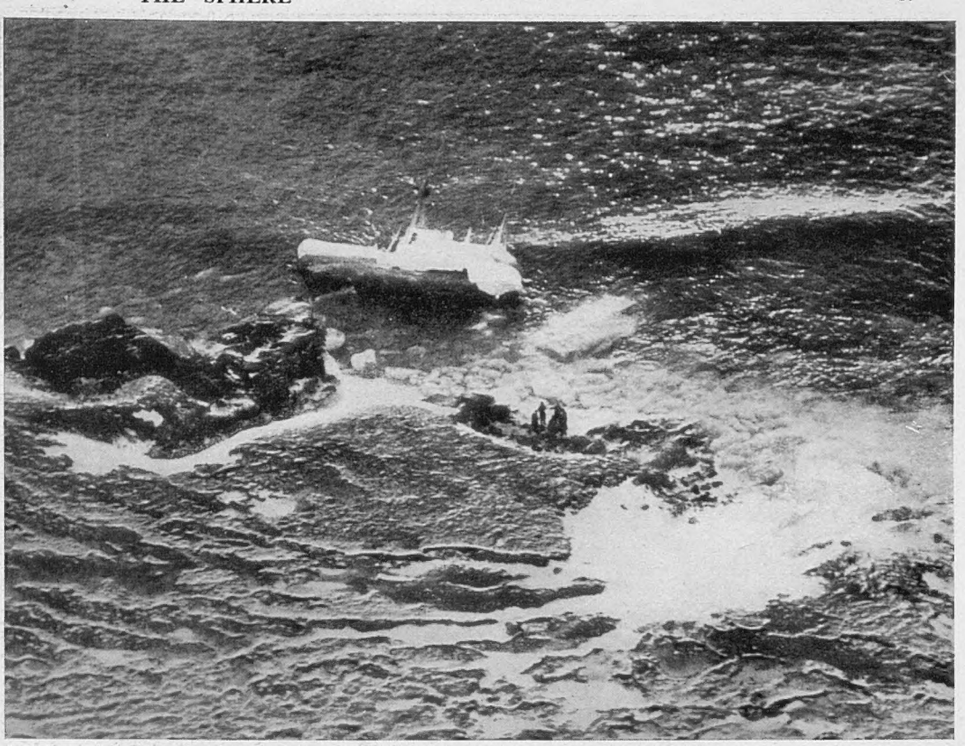
Gangster Films.—

It is not uncommon nowadays to find the cheerful news, and even the big news, in a tiny paragraph on a back page, shoved in perhaps to fill a vacant inch of space. It was thus that I discovered a tremendous piece of good news: "Because the foreign conception of America is based so largely on life as portrayed in our motion pictures, the American Motion Picture Association will make no more gangster films at Hollywood." It will also ban the filming of indecent books and plays. The reason for this tremendous decision is directly for the good name of America in Europe; its effect will, in a decade, be far more beneficial. Evidence has of late crowded in in this country not only that British children genuinely believe that the "gangster" life is the normal life of America, but that it appeals strongly to our children, who endeavour to copy it by whatever means they can command. No member of a Juvenile Court has doubted this hideous truth for twenty years. And now in another decade we may begin to see here in Britain the benefit of this Hollywood decision. We may wonder why it was not made years ago.

THE OLD STAGER



A DRAMATIC RESCUE ON THE ALASKAN COAST: Rescue boats approaching an American Coastguard cutter with thirteen persons on board who had been marooned on a windswept point on the Alaskan coast, north of Kodiak. Ten of the rescued were from the wrecked freighter "Spencer," and three of them were survivors of the first rescue attempt, which failed when their boat capsized in mountainous seas. Those who had spent the longest time on the icebound shore were all suffering badly from frostbite. The coastguard cutter rushed them to hospital at Kodiak

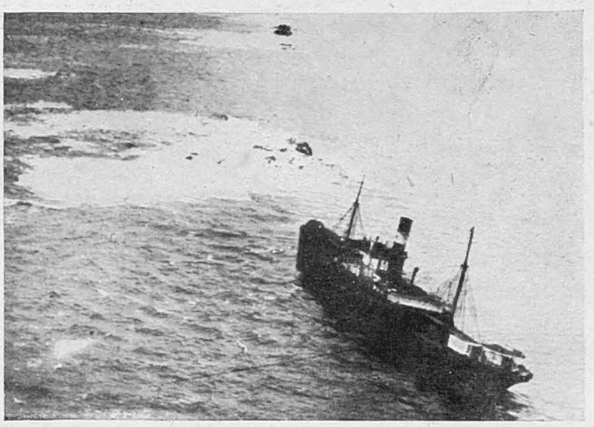


HUDDLED ON A FROST-BOUND SHORE: An aerial view showing the freighter "Spencer" on the rocks north of Kodiak, Alaska, and in the middle distance some of the survivors from the vessel, who spent five days and nights in this exposed position before the second rescue attempt proved successful

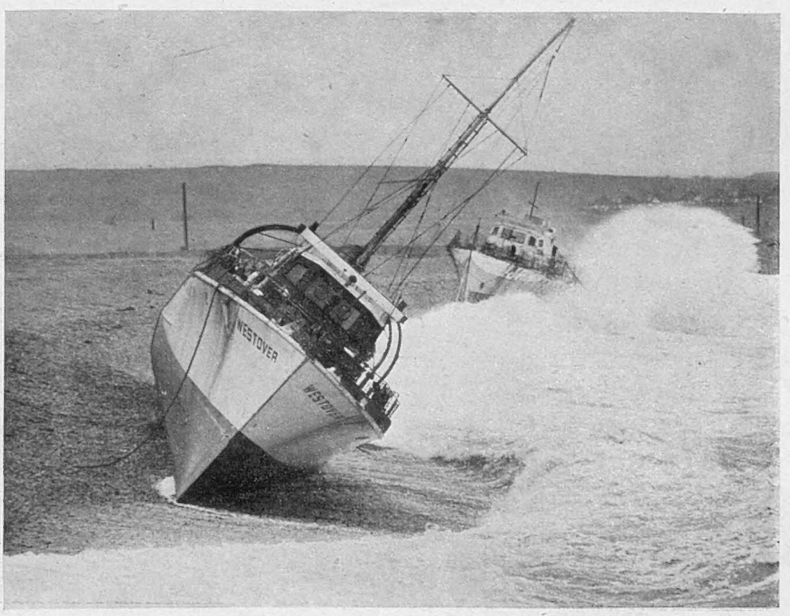
RESCUES on the ALASKAN and BRITISH COASTS

The "Weather Recorder's" Dramatic Dash to Colonsay

TWENTY-EIGHT LIVES ARE SAVED IN RAGING SEAS OFF THE WEST COAST OF SCOTLAND: The 2,982-ton freighter "Veni" listing after she had gone aground on a reef off the island of Colonsay. Her crew were rescued by the meteorological vessel "Weather Recorder"



THE "VENI" BEGINS TO BREAK UP ON THE COLONSAY REEFS: An aerial view of the Norwegian freighter. Already her hull was pierced and her engine-rooms and stokehold were flooded. The British meteorological ship *Weather Recorder*, outward bound from Greenock to her Atlantic station, intercepted the *Veni*'s signals of distress and, using radar to guide her up the very treacherous coast, arrived in time to take off the entire crew of twenty-eight



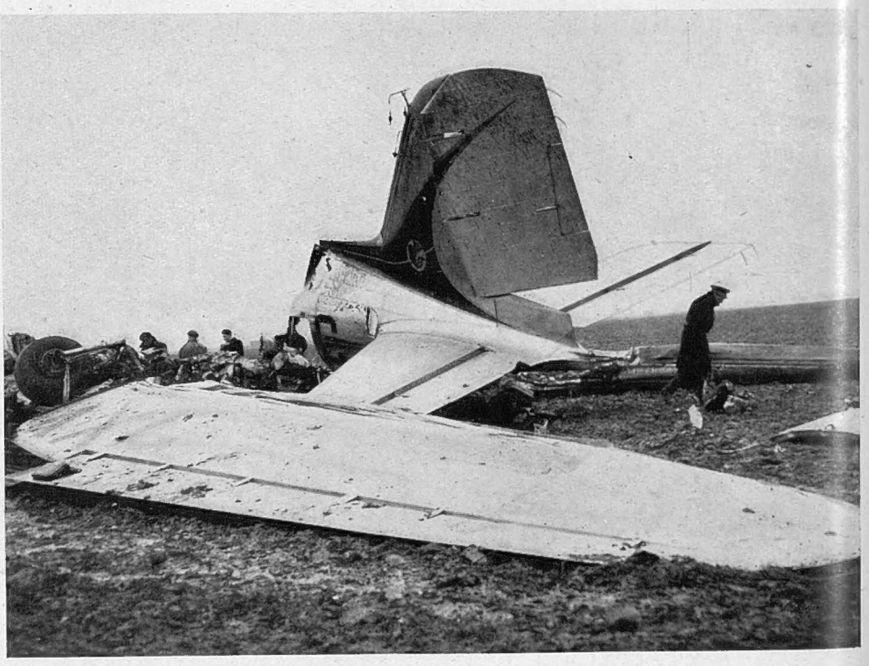
A DUAL DISASTER ON THE SOUTH COAST—TWO MORE VICTIMS OF THE WEEK-END GALES: An ex-naval launch, and in the background the 100-ton coaster "Westover" (which was towing her), seen after they had gone aground at Seaford Sands, near Newhaven. *On right*—A close-up of the "Westover" as she was left clear by the retreating tide. Rescuers, who formed a human chain into the sea, had earlier on led the "Westover's" crew of five to safety

AIR LINERS CRASH on the Outskirts of LONDON and PARIS

THE PILOT WAS KILLED AND FIVE WERE INJURED: A British European Airways Viking in the ploughed field near Ruislip, Middlesex, where it crashed after hitting a tree. The aircraft was completely wrecked, and the passengers all had remarkable escapes

"I am amazed that anyone came out alive," declared Donald West, one of the first men on the scene after a British European Airways Viking had crashed 2½ miles north of Northolt Airport, Middlesex. After hitting a tree and narrowly missing high-tension cables, the Viking churned its way through a ploughed field. About 150 yards from the scene of the crash was a row of modern semi-detached houses, and people from them dashed across the field to help with rescue work. Fire-engines and police were also quickly on the spot, and passengers and crew were rushed to hospital. Five of the passengers were detained in hospital. The pilot died shortly after the crash

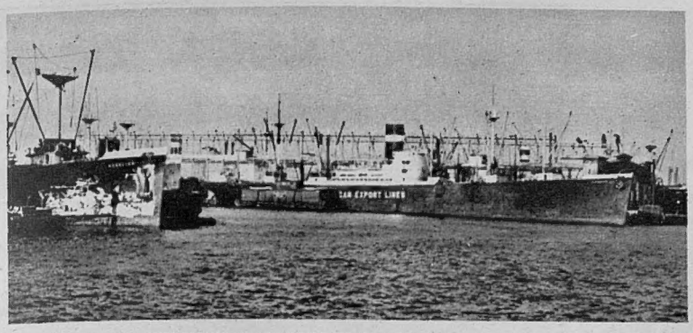
THE MORNING AFTER THE CRASH: The wreckage of the British European Airways Viking which came to grief near Northolt. It was a bad week for the Vikings, Aer Lingus (Irish Air Lines) announcing its decision to dispose of its aircraft of this type. The decision was taken by the board on commercial grounds, and it appears to have been unanimous



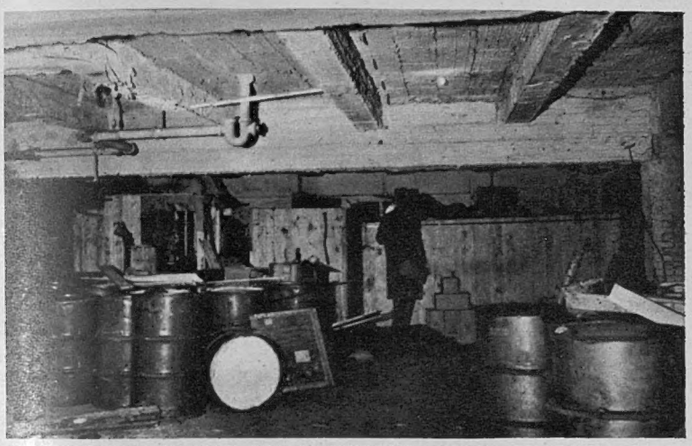
On right—FIFTEEN PERSONS LOST THEIR LIVES IN THIS DISASTER ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PARIS: The wreckage of the Douglas D.C.3 which crashed just before it was due to land at Le Bourget after a flight from Brussels. Of the sixteen people on board, only one survived. Two of the eleven passengers were British

An official inquiry has been opened into the cause of the accident to the Brussels-Paris aircraft belonging to Air France which crashed just before it was due to land at Le Bourget. Air France stated subsequently that when the D.C.3 arrived over Le Bourget the ground control instructed the pilot to wait, another aircraft having landed in difficulties a short time previously. Visibility was poor, but the Brussels aeroplane remained in wireless communication with the ground until shortly before the moment when it crashed and burst into flames, a little over a mile from the airfield. Of the sixteen people on board, only two survived, and one of these died shortly after in hospital. Two of the eleven passengers were British—Mr. Simon Citkill and Mr. Stephen Nathan. Last Sunday there was very nearly a similar disaster at Northolt when a Swissair Dakota from Zurich touched down on one wheel and scraped a wing-tip on the runway. The plane had been circling for over an hour and was unable to find the runway under a cloud-base of below 500 ft. Flares were lit to guide the Dakota down

On left—ONE PROPELLER WAS BURIED DEEP IN THE MUD: The wreckage of the Douglas D.C.3 which crashed at Gonesse, near Le Bourget. On hitting the ground the air-liner burst into flames



THE EXPLOSIVE SHIPMENT THAT NEARLY SAILED : The S.S. "Executor," freighter of American Export Lines, lying alongside the pier in Jersey City, when loading cargo for the Eastern Mediterranean, including Palestine ports. While about seventy-seven cases for Tel Aviv were being loaded one was dropped by the stevedores, and when attempting to mend it, they discovered that it contained fifty boxes, each box having fifty 1-lb. tins of T.N.T. Examination of other cases disclosed that the shipment contained a total of 65,000 lbs. of T.N.T., and some of the cases contained machinery which could be used in the manufacture of arms and ammunition. The consignment was at once confiscated by the New Jersey police



THE WAREHOUSE IN NEW YORK'S NORTHERN SUBURBS TO WHICH THE POLICE TRACED BACK THE CONSIGNMENT OF T.N.T. THAT NEARLY SAILED IN THE S.S. "EXECUTOR": *Left*—An interior view of the unpretentious building at 4366 Park Avenue, near 180th Street, Bronx, and (*on right*) an exterior view showing State and Federal Police cars outside the building. The consigner, one Philip Alper, could not be traced immediately, but within the building were found more T.N.T., more machinery, and, even more important, the stencils used to mark the packing-cases put aboard the S.S. "Executor" at Jersey City

T.N.T. FOR PALESTINE FOUND IN THE UNITED STATES

Dramatic Discoveries in Jersey City and New York

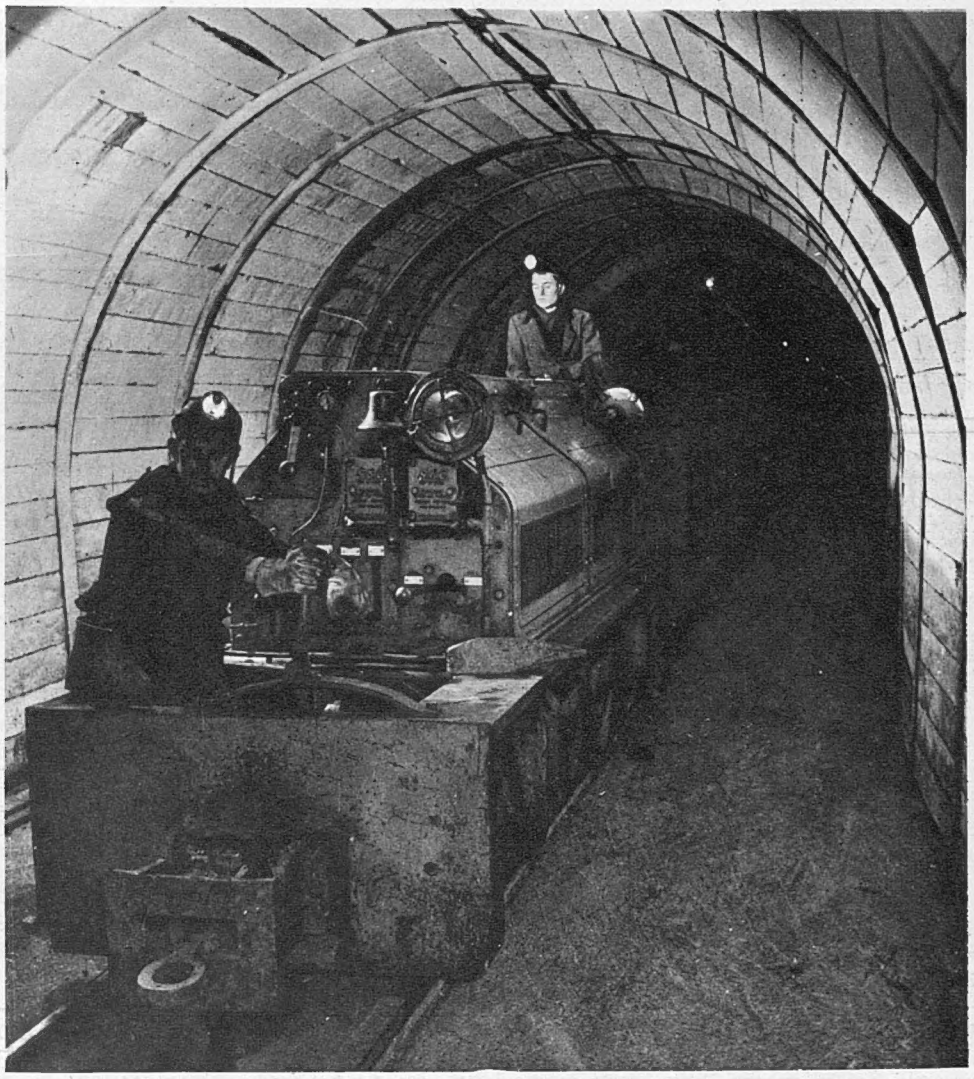
While Washington was engaged in debating the Marshall Plan of Aid for Europe, certain New York citizens were apparently working on their own plan to help Jewry in Palestine, not with dollars this time, but with trinitrotoluene, with small-arms ammunition and a mass of equipment of a military character. The Palestine-bound consignment that was intercepted on the Jersey City quayside, in the *S.S. Executor*, was traced back through the transport company to a three-storey warehouse in the Bronx. When the police got there they found more arms and ammunition and more machinery, but Julius Chendler, the owner of the warehouse, and Philip Alper, believed to have been the acting manager of the firm occupying the warehouse, had fled, apparently only a few minutes before the raid. A search was made subsequently in Alper's flat. On the wall of his bedroom was found a large map of Palestine marked Eretz Israel, and showing all the Jewish-owned land. Considerable correspondence with people in Palestine and with manufacturers in the United States was also found. While the police were searching the Bronx warehouse a man telephoned three times in two hours, asking in little above a whisper, "Anything doing to-night?" When detectives tried to learn his identity he replaced the receiver. At the time of writing, the hunt for Chendler and Alper still goes on, and at the same time a further thirty-eight tons of high explosive has been found on a vacant farm near Wall Township, New Jersey

SOME OF THE SEIZED CONSIGNMENT : *Left*—Small-arms ammunition taken from a packing-case, and (*right*) a case labelled with the address of the consignee. It was found to be filled with tins of T.N.T.

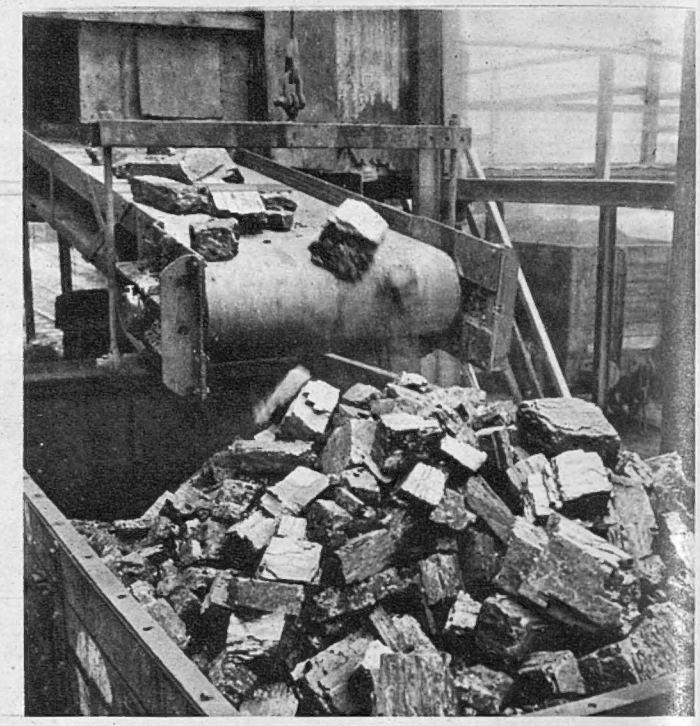
ALSO FOUND IN THE MYSTERIOUS BRONX WAREHOUSE : A policeman handling a mine detector, one of the many pieces of military equipment probably intended for the next consignment to Palestine. The haul at the warehouse included rounds for ·30 rifles, cartridge-filling machines, an empty gunpowder drum, and radio and telephone outfits

BRITAIN'S MINES AIM TO WIN 211 MILLION TONS IN 1948

How the National Coal Board Has Been Planning the Battle for Production

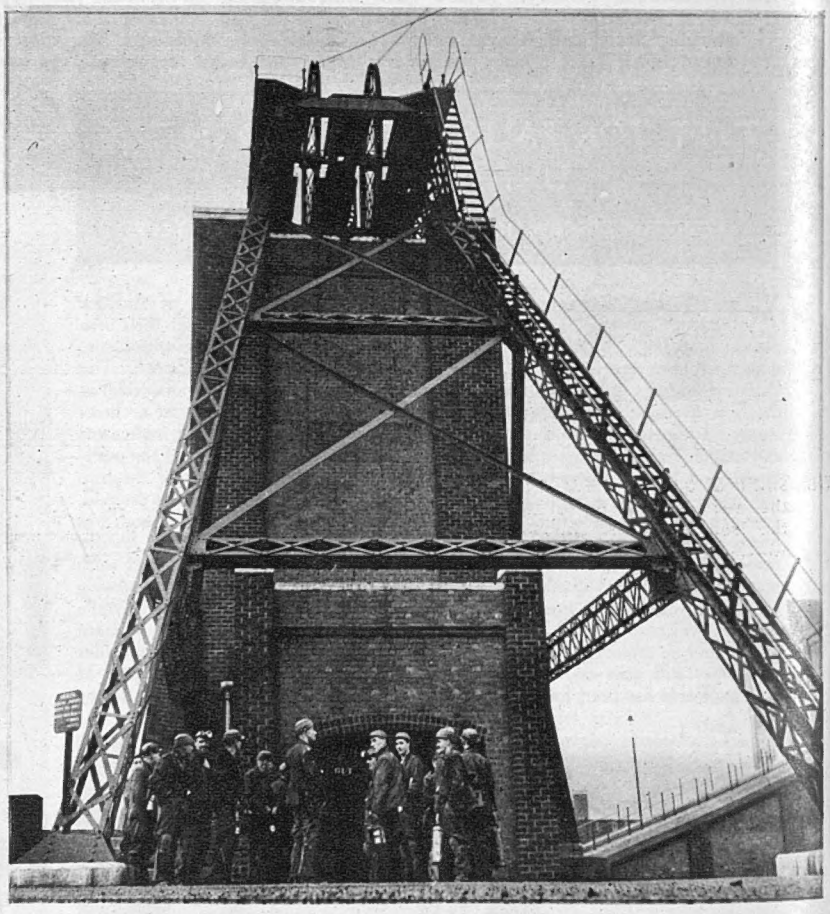


THE MAIN HAULAGE IN SCOTLAND'S WONDER PIT: A Diesel engine drawing coal cars in the colliery at Comrie, Fifeshire. In one Yorkshire pit the introduction of these Diesel trains has increased output by 1,000 tons a week. In some pits the men ride to work in Diesel-drawn trucks, and are thus saved a fatiguing walk through the workings. This naturally has a corresponding effect upon their efficiency. The Comrie Pit lies five miles from Dunfermline. It is a completely mechanised mine set in superb surroundings, and its layout and planning have paid wonderful output dividends. In 1946 Comrie's miners beat the national average output by 50 per cent



MECHANISATION OF SURFACE EQUIPMENT FORMS ANOTHER PART OF THE COAL BOARD'S PROGRAMME: This picture, taken at Monk Bretton Colliery, Doncaster, shows coal being automatically loaded on to railway wagons after being washed and screened. As the trucks fill up, a shunting engine moves them forward, and little shovel-work is necessary

THE "JOYLOADER" AT WORK: This aptly-named machine carries five tons of coal a minute from the coal-face and loads it into the waiting trams. The trams are then hauled to the surface either by endless rope or Diesel car



THE START OF THEIR DAILY "STINT": Miners about to enter a modern pithead cage at the Williamthorpe Colliery, Derbyshire. Some months ago a strike of winding men seriously held up production in one of the northern coalfields

Britain's miners missed their 200,000,000-ton target by a narrow margin, but in doing so the nation accorded them a moral victory. Mr. Horner, Secretary of the National Union of Mineworkers, described the total coal output as a "miracle," in view of the situation prevailing in the autumn. Now the miners are getting to work to beat the 1948 target of 211,000,000 tons—a target which will allow of increasing exports of coal and which depends essentially on reorganisation and mechanisation now being achieved in our pits. The National Coal Board has two separate programmes working along parallel lines, and the special short-term programme is, of course, designed to ensure mounting production in 1948. The long-term programme looks ahead as far as 1962. At the moment short-term schemes for pit reorganisation costing not more than £200,000 to £300,000 are being given priority over the long-term projects involving expenditure exceeding £1,000,000 and taking six to seven years to complete. Some of the pictures on these pages evidence the extensive mechanisation already achieved. Orders for £9,000,000 worth of coal-face machinery have been placed, and it is hoped a fair proportion of this will be delivered in the first half of the present year. In each of the next eight years about ten long-term projects are planned by the National Coal Board, each costing up to £3,000,000 and taking about six years to complete. Among these the Calverton sinking in Nottinghamshire, which is shown in a picture on the next page, is already under way.

There are many other important schemes in motion, including the concentration of the output of three Lancashire mines on a single shaft and the introduction of horizon mining as practised in the Ruhr. Open-cast production will continue on a vast scale, but in the North Country drift mines will be developed to win in an efficient manner the coal lying just beneath the surface.

THE SINKING OF THE NEW SHAFT AT CALVERTON, NOTTS: A concrete bed has been laid down and the excavation of the central portion has now begun with the assistance of pneumatic drills. Into the holes surrounding the shaft will be pumped an earth-freezing solution, as this will stop water seeping in as the iron liners are installed. The new Calverton project is one of the major undertakings planned for 1948 in the Nottinghamshire coalfield, and it is hoped that the new workings will yield 1,500,000 tons annually. In Scotland there are to be ten new sinkings, the most notable being at Tothes, Fife, also planned for an output of 1,500,000 tons

A CONTRAST IN TRANSPORT METHODS IN A NORTH COUNTRY AND A SCOTTISH PIT: *Left*—**A pony carting coal at Monk Bretton, Yorkshire.** *Right*—**A shuttle car in use underground at Whitehill Colliery, Edinburgh. The car has rubber tyres. It is loaded by a "joyloader," the process taking little over a minute**

BEHOLD ALBANIA'S LATEST INCARNATION!

A Secret Stronghold, and a Springboard for Pan-Slav Ambitions in the Mediterranean

By FERDINAND TUOHY

"A SMALL, far-off land that we hardly know." Neville Chamberlain's characterisation of Czechoslovakia was, of course, nonsensical. The Czechs were extremely well known as "the one success of Versailles"; nor were or are they farther off than Switzerland.

There is no question of a British Prime Minister needing an "alibi" for not standing in the way of Stalin's designs on Albania. Stalin already has it. But Albania does fully correspond to "a small, far-off land that we hardly know," and around it spit and spark the embryo fires which could spread into the holocaust in wake of appeasement practised on the 1938 model.

Albania is small—not much larger than Wales, with a primitive peasant population of about 1,000,000. Albania is far-off—forming the south-westerly tip (and Mediterranean outlet) of the Russian immensity which extends 2,000 miles northwards to Petsamo. Albania is known to us mostly by such things as bandits and boundary commissions. "Oh, yes, and it has mountains, lots of 'em, and Musso did something or other . . . what was it?"

What people concerned do not already know about Albania is being found increasingly hard to find out since a blanket of secrecy was laid over the country, beginning in 1946. Under a barrage of truculence and even hostile acts, this Communist "People's Republic" has been steadily closed to Allied diplomats and neutral observers, of whom the latest are the members of the United Nations Balkan Commission. Before them, various missions had found it useless to stay on. Even the British War Graves Commission was elbowed out, to say nothing of the military one.

By way of underlining matters, a coastal battery fired on a British cruiser and two British torpedo-boats were mined within 300 yards of shore, with serious loss of life. The "Keep Out" warning was likewise given to an American warship which was not allowed to berth, though on official business. This after the Albanians had fortified themselves from Unrra.

But the Albanians are a very special case. Not deemed sufficiently peace-loving to appear yet at Lake Success, they refuse to answer to the World Court for their misdemeanours. They are still at war with Greece—and this produces a remarkable display of military forbearance.

No one—not even President Enver Hoxha—has denied, or can deny, that General Markos's attack on Greece was mounted in Albania. The volunteers and recruits are trained there, get their arms and supplies locally, and return to Albania when casualties. The campaign is directed by foreign officers from a Tito brand of joint military and political headquarters in the field, and Tirana broadcasts ceaselessly against Athens.

All this happens in and from Albania, and yet . . . "The main rebel battery was on Hill 634, bang on the Greek-Albanian border. Impossible for rocket-firing Spitfires or artillery to attack it as shells or rockets might land in Albania."

Who are these most-favoured people and what may they be about? As usual, there is no use in blaming the vast majority, who ask nothing better than Greta Garbo's recipe for content—and have never been vouchsafed it. But bred in the bone of a minority are hatred, brigandage, and a firebrand's capacity for self-swelling, and the trinity has now been lassoed by a newcomer in Soviet Russia, represented on the spot by the Yugoslavs.

The three most important persons in Albania to-day are the Russian Ambassador, who arrived the morning after the Republic was declared; Marshal Tito's military representative, and Dr. Malleshova, the native son fanatically trained in Moscow, who, as Minister of Popular Culture, has more to say than President Hoxha. Hoxha founded this latest version of Albania in 1944. He is a genuine Communist whose personal dossier runs, "Strong, honest, educated, less narrow than his fellows, but temperamental and obstinate." One aspect of his obstinacy is a disinclination to clasp Tito or any Yugoslav to his bosom.

Hoxha felt bitterly having to give the northern Kosovo region to Tito, who, he knew, would have taken it had it not been given, although the population is 70 per cent. Albanian; and Hoxha does not hold with frontier alteration in favour of Greece, even in order to strengthen the Greek Communists and so beckon an all-Communist Balkans.

However, Albania to-day is a fief of the Yugoslavs, who can do what they like there, backed completely as they are by the Russians, and the growing belief is that closed Albania is being organised as a corner-stone base incorporated in the greater Yugo-Bulgar military base in process of formation. Hence Russia's refusal to have anything to do with *this* Greece's demand for Northern Epirus, the giving of which—including the island of Saseno off vital, land-locked Valona—would much diminish the value of Albania as springboard. In the case of a Communist Greece, Russia wouldn't give two hoots for Hoxha's clutching hand, pride or patriotism. The entire Balkans would be a blissful unity under Moscow, so what would it matter if parts of it side-slipped—as Northern Epirus to a Red Greece?

But a pest on even well-founded hypothesis! Rather let us observe this little people who have been free agents but for the briefest of intervals and are now undergoing their fifth or sixth foreign treatment within middle-aged memory—well within it, since thirty-five years ago Albania was still Turk, having been so for four-and-a-half centuries. Edith Durham was the mouthpiece in those days and how she used to lay on to the Sublime Porte over the plight of Albanian refugees.

The Turks simply divided the Albanians into Muslims and Christians, and the only difference was that the former had a tinge more of almost invisible personal liberty than the latter. Neither knew the slightest thing about independence. A mass of illiterate peasants scraping life from a hostile soil under a rigid class system topped by the beys and landowners, then by the merchants. Nor did the advent of national sovereignty after the first Balkan War make any difference. There wasn't time. Hardly had a German princeling of Wied been installed Regent than World War I engulfed Albania.

The stricken King Peter of Serbia's retreat over the Albanian mountains, his son Alexander by his stretcher, was the cruellest military martyrdom since the Grande Armée, and the fathers of to-day's Yugoslavs became our heroes.

I forget if Wied lasted the war, but he never wanted to be there, anyway, and wasn't long a-dying. If the conception of an Albanian nation had first come in 1913, an attempt to translate matters into fact was made six years later, in the midst of all the self-determining by small peoples at Wilson's behest.

Albania had had its Turks, Austrians and Germans. It was still the poorest and most backward of countries—no industries, no railways, able to do little save grow food to support a very low standard. The merest trickle of exports—chrome, hides, low-grade oil. Then came the next gate-crasher.

How we waxed hot, and beat the Yugoslav drum, when the Italians decided to cross the Strait of Otranto and develop the farther side! It was as if the devil had broken loose. That was in 1923, and now, in 1948, one senses first unspoken sentiments that it would have been a better thing had the Italians been more accepted and less exposed to the drivings of pride.

They did much. True, it was imperialist or Fascist exploitation, and all the rest of it, but the Albanians got their first modern roads, fine Government buildings, a health and sanitation service, and industrial goods in some quantity.

The Italians landed themselves a good thing in Albania, lived sumptuously. First entered corruption, then came the virus from the top, terminating in a set invasion on Good Friday, which shocked the Pope. The Italians had grown to be impossible, and the fear was that they'd go on, down through Greece. But they saw right in respect of Albania being developed in return for financial reliance upon Italy.

In the past eight years Albania has undergone social and political upheavals comparable with those of any big Power. After King Zog left in 1940, the Albanians collaborated with the Axis. With the turn of the tide after Stalingrad-Alamein, resistance groups formed, of whom the Communist element emerged as the strongest in 1944 when the Germans decamped. One Colonel Hoxha was its chief and he set up a provisional Government in Tirana recognised by the Big Three.

Hoxha was helped by the absence of an *émigré* regime (Zog never worked at it in Bucks and the Ritz); by not possessing a Mihailovitch; and by our money, food and arms, without which he could never have set up (the Russians gave nothing).

The first year was one of friendliness, quietude, and consolidation, until the ideological band began to play. For Hoxha is a Communist, and early in 1946 began doing the Kremlin walk. Willingly or not, he responded to Tito, who responded to Moscow; that People's Republic was born as a result of the usual "free" elections; and there followed the customary liquidation of opponents, maintenance of a large and expensive army and secret police.

Hoxha has since found the way of Marxist collectivism very hard in the absence of machines, but the peasants still fall for the Communist slogans. After first deporting Italians, policy has changed to forcibly detaining engineers, technicians and professional men, since Albania has no Centre class or civil servants capable of the job. The rough little State starts from scratch again, having lost Italian sustenance and found nothing yet in return. It is living on assets, and has so little to offer that economic survival is doubtful. In fading health, Albania seems to be heading into Tito's hands.

Behold Albania in its latest incarnation—as Pan-Slav stepping-stone to power in the Central Mediterranean. If others intend to bar this all-transforming consummation, Markos must be stopped.

THE COMMUNIST CONGRESS OPENS IN THE CITY OF MILAN

BENEATH THE PORTRAITS OF LENIN, STALIN, ANTONIO GRAMSCI AND TOGLIATTI: This was the scene at the opening of the sixth Congress of the Italian Communist Party, which took place in Milan and was attended by delegates from ten different countries, including the French and British Communist leaders, M. Thorez and Mr. Harry Pollitt. Gramsci, whose picture is just below that of Stalin and above that of Togliatti, is known as the founder of the Italian Communist Party

THREE LEADING COMMUNISTS OUTSIDE THE "IRON CURTAIN": Palmiro Togliatti, of Italy, Harry Pollitt, of Britain, and Maurice Thorez, France, seen together at the Milan Congress. At the opening of the Congress, Signor Togliatti declared that the party must realise those reforms denied by the Government, and also prevent the present Government from making Italy a pawn of American "imperialistic policy." Italians, he said, should be grateful to the United States for their help, but such help was the moral duty of America towards the European countries which had suffered most from the war—a war from which the United States had benefited most. Such help, however, should not imply any interference whatsoever with Italian sovereignty

IS THIS THE REAL RUSSIA?

Some Samples of the Latest Propaganda Pictures Released by the Soviet Authorities

To look behind the "Iron Curtain" and see the life of Russia to-day in a fair perspective is well-nigh impossible. The news that emanates from Moscow is in the grip of a relentless propaganda. Some of that news, it is true, is retailed by violently anti-Soviet correspondents, many of them Americans, who look with an aggressive eye upon all that they see in the Russian capital, but the majority of it is the finely-filtered product of the Soviet propaganda machine. This pro-Soviet propaganda manifests itself in many ways, not the least of them being approved pictures which cut out completely the seamy side of Soviet life. The pictures on this page, typical of many which pour into THE SPHERE office each week, all show happy, smiling faces, a world of plenty, and a happy electorate going to the polls to elect its favourite sons and daughters of the Revolution. Here is the best of everything in the best of all possible worlds, and somehow it does not quite ring true. Mr. Attlee's broadcast in the New Year made it emphatically clear that privilege for the few is extending in Russia to-day, and that fair shares for all is no longer a watchword in a land where the gap ever widens between the highest and lowest incomes

A POPULAR CANDIDATE FOR THE MOSCOW CITY SOVIET CANVASSES THE ELECTORATE: Alla Tarassova, a People's Actress of the Russian Federation, talking with some of the voters. This picture typifies Russian propaganda pictures with its well-groomed young ladies and happy, smiling faces

A MOST ELEGANT POLLING STATION: Professor P. Manteifel, a winner of the Stalin Prize, receiving a ballot paper in the 11th Precinct of the Frunze election district in the Moscow City Soviet elections. The handsome table used by the polling clerks should be noted by all British town clerks organising elections

A VISIT TO THE FURNISHING FABRICS DEPARTMENT OF A VILLAGE STORE: Two prosperous-looking young Russians making a purchase at the store in Vykhino village, near Moscow

DISPLAYED IN MOSCOW'S BOLSHEVIK CONFECTIONERY FACTORY: A show window of the shop attached to the factory where tea-table delicacies of every description may be had—at a price. No points are required for any of these goods

EVERYTHING IS OFF THE RATION, AND (NOW) THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT: A scene of plenty in the Vykhino village store near Moscow. There are no queues, and unlimited goods in the shops, according to some reports, but others state that the cessation of rationing has led to a run on the shops and to widespread scarcity. Among the goods displayed in the showcase in the foreground are eggs and a ham

MADAME GOES SHOPPING IN THE LENIN DISTRICT OF MOSCOW: While her husband holds her heavy fur coat, she tries on the latest style in high-heeled shoes. Despite the evidence of this picture, there is no reason whatever to suppose that boots and shoes are plentiful, either in the Moscow district or anywhere else in Russia. When the news became known that the currency might be called in, most of the Moscow shops were invaded by the populace and cleared of all stocks. On the left of the picture is a powerful lamp installed for photographic purposes

THE GUNNERS OF IRGUN

The Men and Women Who Fought the British in Palestine, Now Defy the Arabs

THE BATTLE ON THE JAFFA-TEL AVIV BORDER: A girl member of Irgun Zvai Leumi, the Jewish terrorist organisation that was for so long a thorn in the side of British troops, handling grenades on a rooftop defence post. Irgun troops have been engaged in an unremitting battle against Arab snipers on the boundary between the all-Jewish city of Tel Aviv and the largely-Arab port of Jaffa. Hostilities began after the United Nations' partition announcement, and continue unabated

THEIR RIFLES, STENS AND REVOLVERS AT THE READY: An Irgun section waiting to deal with Arab snipers who have made daily existence intolerable for Jewish citizens living on the Jaffa-Tel Aviv border

Haganah is the defence force of the Jewish Agency, and in the past has been pledged to defensive measures, whereas Irgun Zvai Leumi is an irregular Jewish force which has frequently been at loggerheads with Haganah, refusing to accept the discipline of the organised Jewish community in Palestine. A month ago those essential differences held good, but since the partition proposals of the United Nations have become known, Haganah has tended more and more to take the offensive, as witness the recent attack on the Semiramis Hotel, an Arab-owned property close to the British residential area of Jerusalem, when no fewer than twenty lives were lost. Even so, Irgun is still the more extreme of the two forces, and these pictures taken on the Jaffa-Tel Aviv boundary, one of the cockpits of present-day Palestine, evidence the way in which its members are going to work against the Arab snipers.

WITH WEAPONS LARGELY FILCHED FROM THEIR FORMER BRITISH OPPONENTS: Members of Irgun ready for action in the Jaffa-Tel Aviv area. *Left*—This party is keeping a keen look-out for opposing snipers. *Right*—A Bren gunner and his ammunition number operating from a bedroom in a house in the Manashiah quarter of Tel Aviv. The Bren can be used for quick-firing at a speed of 700 rounds per minute, or in action against snipers single shots can be fired

AMERICA'S PICK-UP PLANE

And Other Aviation News from the United States

During the war, the human pick-up was a top secret in American aviation circles, and it is understood that it was used with success both in Burma and in North-West Europe. The whole principle of the pick-up is simple enough in operation, and the only real difficulty occurs at the moment of contact. The great elasticity of the rope trailed from the plane solves this problem, and Bernie Cain declares that, when taking off from the ground, the sensation is really no greater than moving forward in a car in low gear.

BERNIE CAIN TAKES A RIDE THROUGH THE AIR: An American pilot participating in a human pick-up test over Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Cain wears a special nylon harness to which a steel ring is attached. A hook at the end of a nylon rope suspended from the plane catches in the ring and lifts him from the ground. He is then hoisted to safety aboard the machine by means of a windlass

AMERICAN AERODROMES WERE SNOWBOUND FROM MASSACHUSETTS TO DELAWARE: These air-liners were grounded at the municipal airport, Boston, during the third snowstorm in a ten-day period in the course of Christmas and the New Year. In the foreground is a machine of Trans-Canada Air Lines, and behind it is a four-motored machine of Air-France. In the distance are reconnaissance planes

A DRAMATIC RESCUE IN AMERICA'S FROZEN NORTH: A United States Air Force flyer (centre) being helped to one of two rescue planes piloted by two daring bush pilots who braved snow and sub-zero temperatures to effect the rescue of six airmen whose B-29 Super-Fortress crashed 95 miles north of Nome, Alaska. The rescue came six days after the Super-Fortress crashed on a training flight

FROM THE WORLD'S HEADLINES

A Pictorial News Survey in January 1948

A RED-LETTER DAY FOR THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE : While Mr. Jefferson Caffery (left), the United States Ambassador to France, looks on, M. Georges Bidault, the French Foreign Minister, signs the agreement by which the U.S. gives emergency aid of about £82,000,000 for France. This agreement, which will tide over the time between now and the implementation of the Marshall Plan, provides for the immediate shipment from the United States of food, fuel, medical supplies, fertilisers and other agricultural products

EX-KING MICHAEL OF RUMANIA ARRIVES IN LAUSANNE : Followed by the Queen-Mother, the saddened monarch descends from the train which had brought him from his Palace in the Carpathians following his forced abdication. Only a few weeks previously King Michael had parted at this same station from his bride-to-be, Princess Anne, she to return to Copenhagen and he to return to Bucharest to seek permission for his marriage

THE STUDENTS HAVE WON THE SECOND ROUND IN THE BATTLE OF THE PANAMA BASES : Students demonstrating in the Plaza de Francia, Panama, after hearing the news that their Government had signed a treaty granting the United States new leases for airfields protecting the canal zone. Largely as a result of this demonstration, which ended in a clash with the police and thirty casualties, the National Assembly of Panama decided to reject the Treaty. Only President Jimenez dared defend it, insisting that most of the opponents of the Treaty had not even taken the trouble to read it

THE FIRST AMERICAN UNIT TO LEAVE THE PANAMA ZONE : Advance elements of the 805th Engineer Battalion making for the main highway leading to the canal area after the rejection by the Panama Assembly of the new bases agreement. This evacuation constitutes a severe blow to American aspirations in the isthmus, and some Panamanians think that the rejection of the Treaty has been a vast mistake, taking the view that the Americans would have built 600 miles of good roads to link the bases. They claim that this is just what the hopelessly undeveloped hinterland of Panama most requires

THE MARRIAGE OF PHILIPPE DE GAULLE : The General's son with his bride, Mlle de Mont-Alembert, at the civilian ceremony in the village of Poncin, East Central France

THERE WERE TWO DE GAULLES AT ST. ÉTIENNE : Pierre de Gaulle (*above*), the recently-elected Mayor of Paris, listening to his brother, who is seen (*on right*) as he spoke to the people of St. Étienne. Addressing 60,000 workers in the beflagged Place des Ursulines, the General called for a new brand of trade unionism which would be professional, constructive and completely free of politics. Because St. Étienne had been the scene of some of the worst rioting during the recent strikes, a strong police force surrounded the square

PRIDI BANOMYONG HAS FOUND SANCTUARY IN SINGAPORE : The former Premier of Siam, who was ousted at the end of 1947 by Marshal Phibun Songgram in a bloodless revolution, seen at St. John's Island, Singapore, after he had been smuggled from Bangkok with, it is believed, American and British assistance. Pridi fought the Japanese during the war whereas his rival, Marshal Phibun, collaborated with them. He proved unable in his post-war administration to stop corruption, however, and the spiral of inflation was rapidly bringing Siam to economic disaster. This gave Marshal Phibun his chance, and at the moment he is firmly in the saddle. Pridi declares that he will not start a Siamese Government in exile

HENRY WALLACE DECIDES TO RUN FOR THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY AS AN INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE : The former Vice-President of the United States and former Minister of Commerce in the Truman regime being interviewed by the Chicago press after he had announced his intention of standing in the 1948 elections. Mr. Wallace, who has for long been a staunch advocate of friendly relations with Russia and has represented the extreme left of the Democratic Party, expected by his candidacy to obtain the support of most of the large Labour Unions, and thus to obtain a fair slice of the total Democratic vote. Since his announcement he has been deserted by many of his comrades, and the impression is gaining ground that he has damaged his political future

PLANNING THE ARAB CAMPAIGN IN THE NEAR EAST : Abdel Rahman Azzam Pasha, Secretary-General of the Arab League, and the exiled Mufti of Jerusalem talking together before the start of a recent conference in Cairo. Although the Mufti is said to have given an undertaking to King Farouk that he would not engage in political propaganda while enjoying sanctuary in Cairo, it is known that he is working at very high pressure behind the scenes

TO BE THE SCENE OF THE NEXT ATOM BOMB TESTS : Eniwetok Atoll, which lies in the Northern Marshall Group of the Pacific, has been chosen for the United States Navy's next experiments. As at Bikini, the native people are being removed to another island. They will not be the losers, as there is a very poor living to be had on Eniwetok, and the rainfall, only source of drinking water, is minute even in the best of years. It is probable that the United States Navy will build huts for the displaced inhabitants of Eniwetok on their new island and provide them with a certain amount of stores

THE ROYAL FUNERAL IN ALEXANDRIA OF THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF SAVOY : Ex-King Humbert of Italy standing beside his nephew, ex-King Simeon of Bulgaria, and his sister (left), ex-Queen Giovanna of Bulgaria, at the funeral of ex-King Victor Emmanuel III. The ceremony was not marked by any particular pomp, but (as shown *on right*) quite large crowds lined the route to watch the gun-carriage draped with the Italian flag as it passed on its way to St. Catherine's Cathedral, Alexandria

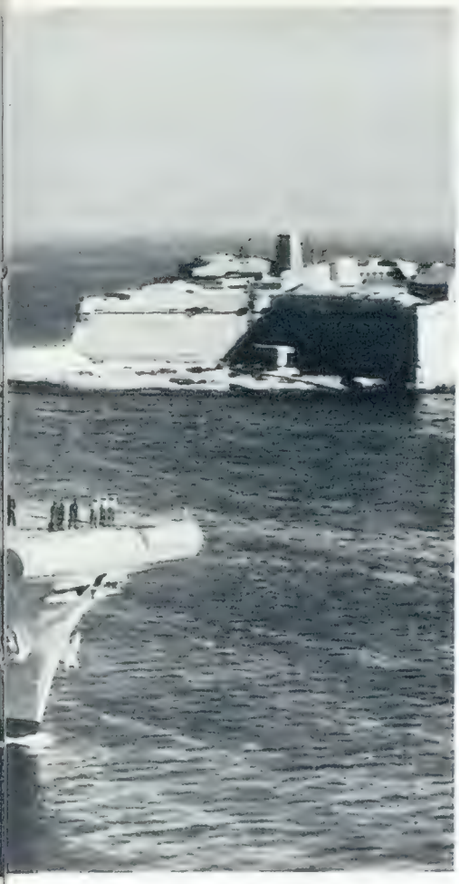
THE "TRIUMPH" RETURNS TO GRAND HARBOUR: The 13,000-ton carrier arriving back at Malta with Marine Commando units occupying the forepart of the flight-deck and transport the after-part. The carrier's return marked the completion of an exercise designed to test embarkation arrangements by the Mediterranean Fleet for transporting reinforcements from the Malta garrison to British forces in any part of the Mediterranean if called upon

MALTA REHEARSES HER POST-WAR ROLE

An Embarkation Exercise Brought to a Successful Conclusion

Malta's role in the
but to-day the
bility in view of the fact
there is a mounting tide of
event of an emergency
ward at considerable
exercise was recently
flag of Vice-Admiral Sir
the cruiser H.M.S. *Ajax*,
and transport of Nos. 40
Headquarters, the fleet
the next day for dis-
was held under the direction
Admiral Denny, Flag

THE BRITISH CRUISER "AURORA" IS TO JOIN THE CHINESE NAVY: she is undergoing an extensive refit before leaving for the aboard H.M.S. "Aurora." The "Aurora," completed in Arethusa class, the other two having been lost during the reason of the manner in which her designers have secured electric welding for hull and internal subdivision, and bulkheads and other light partitions. "Aurora" carries Her armament is considered adequate to deal with raiders she may be used for putting down the ever-present close of the war it has also been agreed to send China a British and twenty-eight wooden submarine chasers from the United



Mediterranean has in the past been largely defensive, George Cross Island has a new and very special responsi- that Britain has loosened her grip upon Egypt, and that conflict at the eastern end of the Mediterranean. In the Malta's garrison might have to rush reinforcements east- speed, and to test her ability to do so an embarkation carried out by the aircraft-carrier *Triumph*, wearing the Cecil Harcourt, Second-in-Command Mediterranean, and the L.S.T. H.M.S. *Dieppe*. After embarking personnel 42 and 45 Commandos, Royal Marines, and Brigade spent the night in Mellieha Bay, returning to harbour embarkation. The exercise, which went particularly well, of Vice-Admiral Harcourt. It was watched by Rear- Officer Destroyers. from the destroyer H.M.S. *Chieftain*

The 5,200-ton warship seen at Portsmouth, where Far East. *On left*—Members of the Chinese crew 1936, is one of the two remaining vessels of the war. She is a particularly interesting vessel by weight reduction. There is an extensive use of aluminium-covered plywood is employed for cabin six 6-in. guns and eight 4-in. anti-aircraft guns. of the armed mercantile type. It is possible that menace of piracy in Chinese waters. Since the destroyer of the Hunt class, and twenty minesweepers States Navy. America is also sending m.t.b's.

A 30-CWT. VEHICLE IS SWUNG ASHORE FROM THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "TRIUMPH" ON ONE OF THE CRANES NORMALLY USED FOR HANDLING FIGHTER PLANES: Unloading operations taking place at the quayside in Grand Harbour at the conclusion of the recent exercise. The vehicles carried in H.M.S. "Triumph" on the exercise belong to the 40th Royal Marine Commando Brigade. Both loading and unloading were carried out with commendable speed

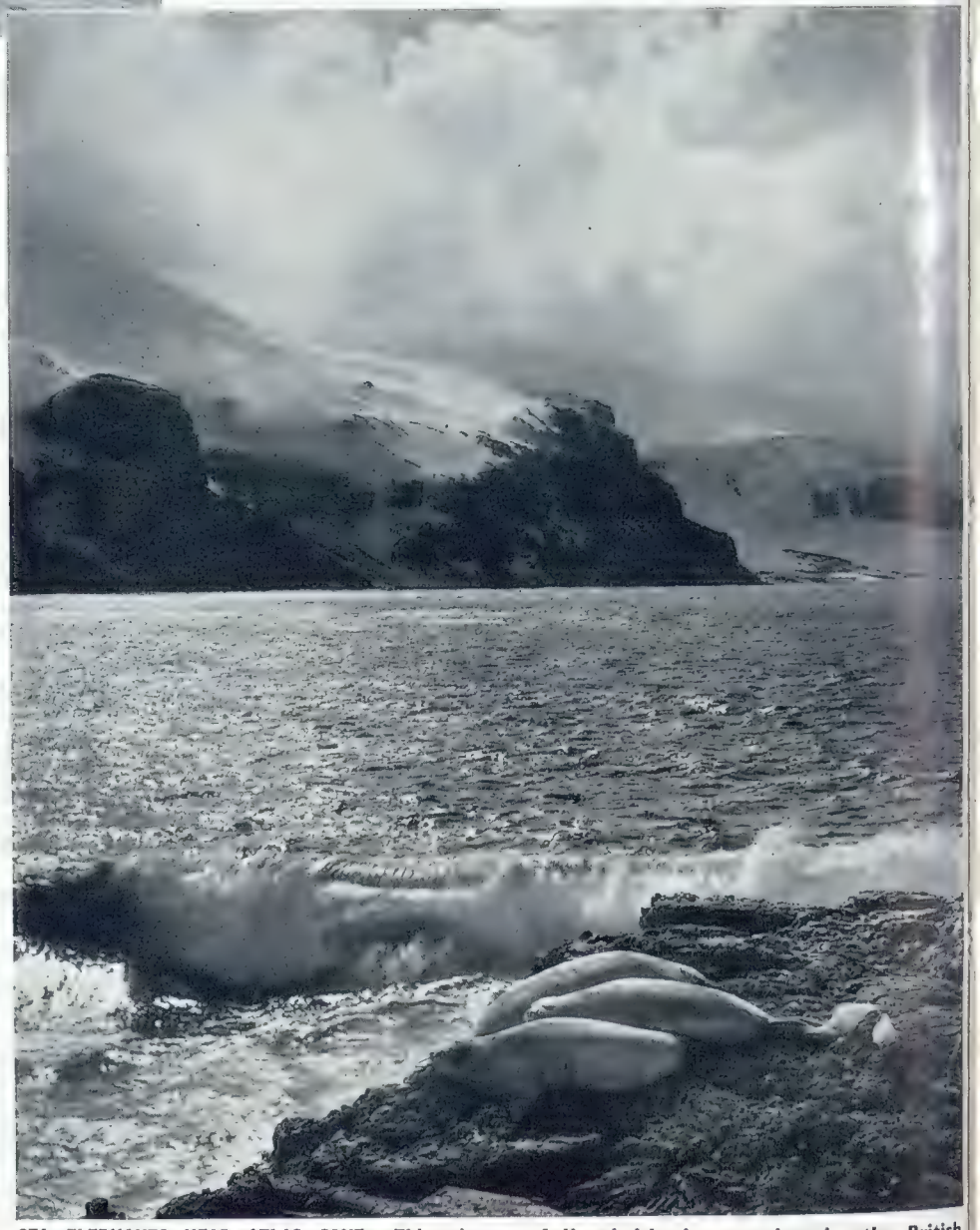
THE HEADQUARTERS SHIP OF THE AUSTRALIAN ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION : The veteran *Wyatt Earp*, which has been to Antarctica five times, seen as she set out from Melbourne on her latest adventure. Unfortunately, she developed a serious leak in the hull when encountering bad weather, and she has now been recalled to Melbourne

HEARD ISLAND: A GOAL OF THE AUSTRALIAN ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

The Expedition Has Now Landed, but the Headquarters Ship Has Had to Return to Australia

TO BE OVERHAULED IN DRY-DOCK : The "Wyatt Earp," which has returned to Australia after springing a leak. She was last used in Antarctica by Lincoln Ellsworth, the American explorer. During the Second World War "Wyatt Earp" was renamed "Wongala," and served in the Australian Navy

THE FORBIDDING FORESHORE OF HEARD ISLAND, THE LONELY SENTINEL OF T AUSTRALIAN ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION HAS NOW RAISED THE COMMONWE of the Indian Ocean, about 2,500 miles south-west of Fremantle, is now



SEA ELEPHANTS NEAR ATLAS COVE : This picture of Heard Island was taken by the British, Australian and New Zealand Antarctic Expedition of 1929-31 led by Sir Douglas Mawson, the veteran Australian polar explorer. Since then the bleak, glacier-capped island had not been visited until the arrival of Group Captain Campbell's Australian expedition last month

HE ANTARCTIC, WHERE A LANDING PARTY OF THE LTH FLAG: Heard Island, lying far to the south being used as a meteorological station, the fourteen scientists who landed there in the New Year having taken with them all the necessary equipment. The landing was completed in the face of mountainous seas. The heavy stores of the expedition included a bulldozer and 200 drums of oil

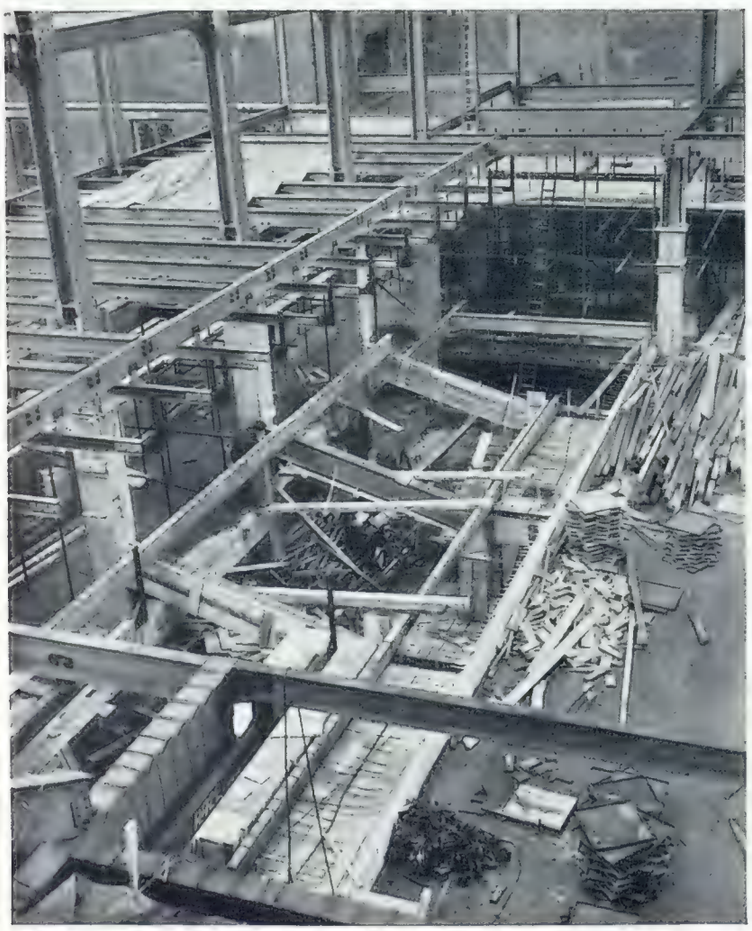
The Australian Antarctic Expedition which set out in November and December has made an unlucky start, and already the *Wyatt Earp*, headquarters ship of the expedition, has had to return to Australia for overhaul. Meanwhile, the Landing Craft 3501 has taken fourteen scientists and their equipment to Heard Island, where, after battling with mountainous seas, both heavy and light stores were safely landed by the first week of the New Year. As the pictures on these pages indicate, Heard Island is a tricky spot to approach, and the difficulty of landing such equipment as a bulldozer can well be imagined. Since landing, work has progressed rapidly on setting up a meteorological station. Cosmic-ray observations are to be taken, and there will also be topographical and geological surveys. In due course it is hoped that the refitted *Wyatt Earp* will be available to take Group Captain Campbell, leader of the expedition, to Commonwealth Bay and other parts of Antarctica, where a large-scale reconnaissance will be carried out.

ONE OF THE WEIRD VOLCANIC FORMATIONS ON HEARD ISLAND: A freak of nature on the rocky shore of the island which is to be manned by scientists for at least fifteen months. It is possible the Australian Government will decide to establish a permanent meteorological station there, as it would provide vital information for Australian airmen and agriculturalists

THE VARIED WILD LIFE OF HEARD ISLAND—PENGUINS AND SEA ELEPHANTS THRONG THE STONY SHORES: *Left*—Part of the penguin colony of 10,000. *Right*—Sea elephants basking near Coronation Bay. In the background is one of the mist-bound headlands so typical of this remote island. The first reports of the present expedition already state that the party's official photographer has risked life and limb in taking pictures of the penguin parade-ground. To reach them some particularly perilous cliffs have to be negotiated, the penguins having chosen for themselves the most inaccessible spot on the whole island

THE NEW CHAMBER TAKES SHAPE: The steel skeleton of the House of Commons is complete, and the next task is to clothe it with stone. Work has started on the floor of the Chamber, and if all goes according to plan, Members will be able to leave their quarters in the House of Lords by Spring 1950

A Saturday night raid in May 1941, in one of the darkest periods of the Second World War, destroyed the Chamber of the House of Commons, although to all outward appearances the noble structure of the Mother of Parliaments appeared undamaged. Members of the House of Lords at once expressed sympathy in practical fashion by moving to the Royal Gallery, and leaving their Chamber for the Members of the Commons. Meanwhile plans were drawn up for rebuilding the Commons, and for the past two years work has actually been proceeding on the site. The pictures on these pages reveal the progress to date. The new Chamber, designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, will undoubtedly have many amenities that its predecessor lacked. The essential features of the House will be preserved, but there will be a thoroughly up-to-date system of heating, ventilation and lighting, and proper provision is being made for secretarial and conference rooms.



THE BASE FOR THE SEATING ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE NEW CHAMBER: The seats will be built up on these sloping girders. Beneath them will be part of the elaborate ventilation plant, and behind them will be one of the two division lobbies. The essential features of the former House will all be preserved

ERECTING PARTITION WALLS FOR THE MINISTERS' ROOMS: These rooms lie beneath the main floor of the Commons Chamber, and will provide members of the Government with much more accommodation than they have had at their disposal in the past. On another floor below this is a Members' room

THIS IS THE STONE FOR THE NEW HOUSE: Huge blocks of Clipsham stone stacked and ready for transit at the quarries at Clipsham, Rutlandshire, where it is dressed on the site. This particular stone has been chosen for the rebuilding of the bomb-shattered House because it is best suited to withstand the onslaughts of the London atmosphere. It is a warm cream-colour, blending well with the English oak, which will be used throughout the building. At the moment there is a distinct shortage of stonemasons for building work of this description, and this may tend to delay construction

THE RISE OF THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS

And the Preparation of the Stone in a Rutlandshire Quarry

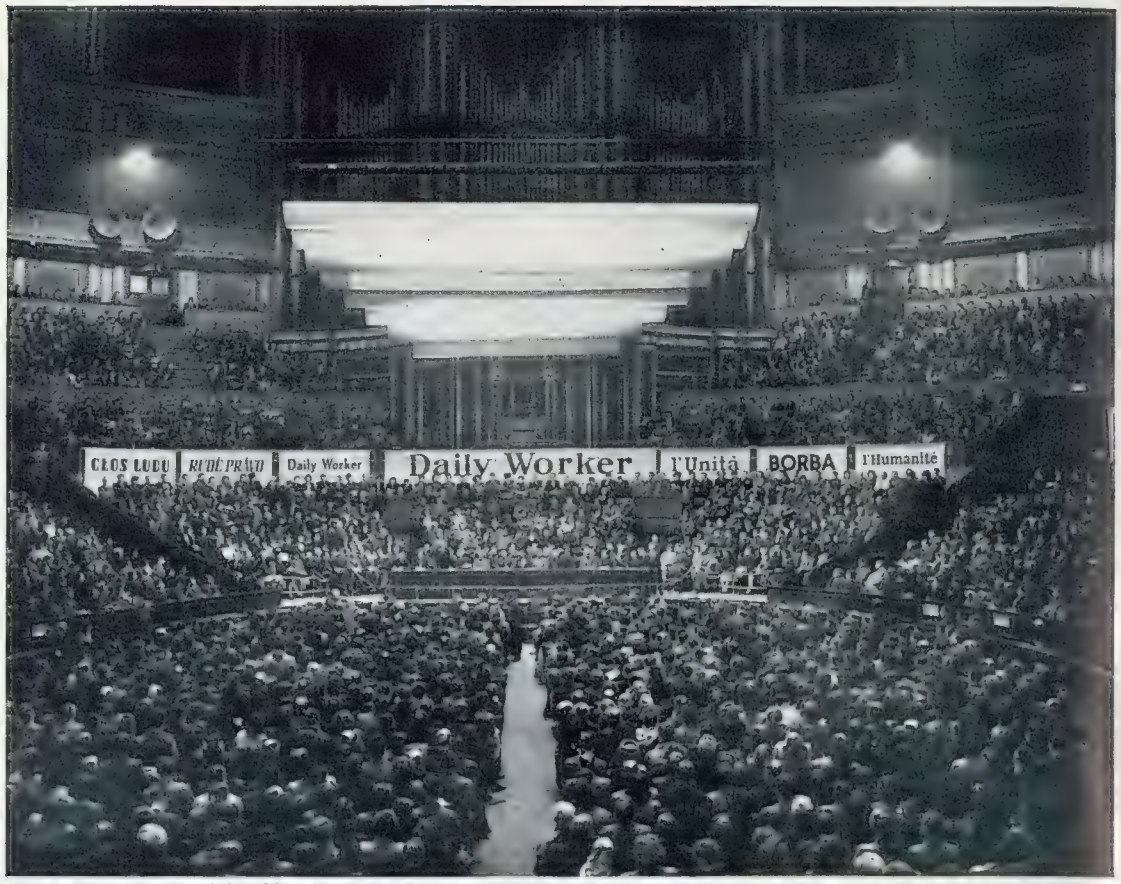
CUTTING OUT A BLOCK OF CLIPSHAM STONE IN THE RUTLANDSHIRE QUARRIES: When a given section has been undermined with pick and pneumatic drill, great chains are attached to it and it is hauled to the surface for dressing. The Clipsham quarries lie seven or eight miles from Oakham

A SIGHT DENIED TO THE PASSER-BY: The skeleton of the new House rising within the precincts of Westminster. No trace of the damage can be seen from Parliament Square or Westminster Bridge

On right—ONE DAY THE BEEFEATERS WILL TOUR THESE VAULTS: A completed section of the floor beneath the main Chamber of the new House. In the background are bars for reinforcing the concrete

From LONDON and the SOUTH COUNTRY

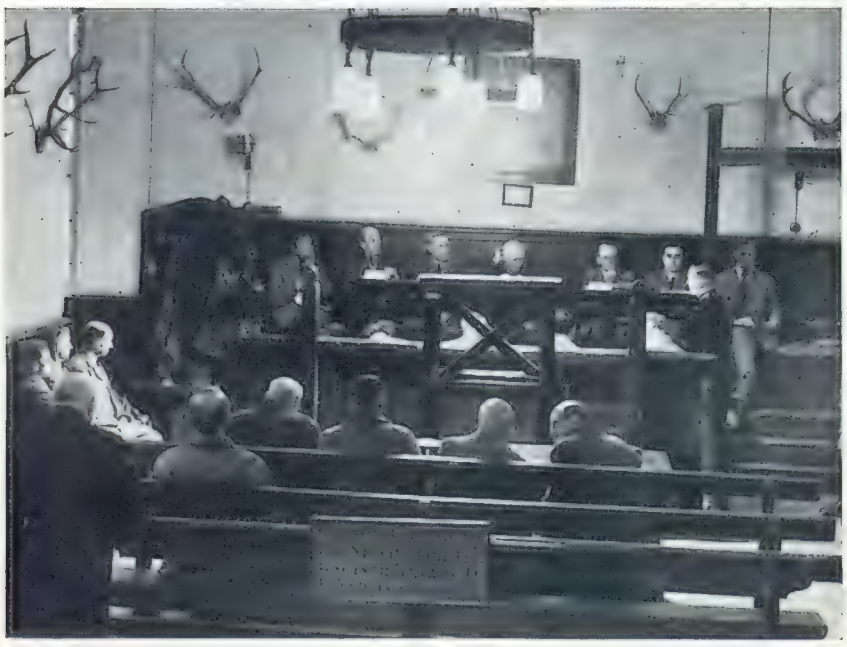
A Survey of the Home News



ARTHUR HORNER REPLIES TO PREMIER ATTLEE AT AN ALBERT HALL RALLY: The Secretary of the National Union of Mineworkers (*left*) speaking at the "Daily Worker" Eighteenth Birthday Celebrations, when an audience of 6,000 heard him deliver a forthright reply to the Prime Minister's anti-Russian broadcast attacking current Russian practices. It was a lively meeting, and after Mr. Horner had queried whether Mr. Attlee's policy was capitalistic or Socialistic, Mr. Papworth, of the T.U.C. General Council, declared: "We now know from Mr. Attlee that the Labour Party has taken the place of the Liberal Party." Another speaker at the Albert Hall was Marcel Cahin, of the newspaper *L'Humanité*, who is a member of the French Assembly and a veteran of the Communist Party

BRITAIN'S WAR MINISTER INSPECTS LONDON ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN SITES: Mr. Emanuel Shinwell with A.T.S. girls at the Dulwich site of the 101st Mixed Heavy A.-A. Regiment. The Minister's tour was notably thorough, and he demanded to see more than the show-places specially prepared for him. At the end of his tour Mr. Shinwell said he was even more shocked at some of the accommodation he had seen than he was on a recent visit to other Army establishments. "It is not good enough," he declared. "We have in the Army a cross-section of the community. We have got to see that they are properly treated. The Army is living in quarters which people in civilian life would not accept. But we have a programme involving considerable expenditure to improve accommodation." At Bostell Heath, Mr. Shinwell made a tour of both officers' and men's quarters, pronouncing them to be markedly bad

THIS YEAR'S FIRST COURT OF SWAINMOTE AND COURT OF VERDERERS AT THE VERDERERS' HALL, LYNDHURST: *Above*—The senior Agister, Mr. Hubert Forward, makes the Declaration of Opening. *Below*—The scene while the court was in session. The duties of the Verderers date from Norman times, when the enforcement of most of the laws of the forest came under their jurisdiction. This year the Court of Swainmote tried cases of breach of forest by-laws by gypsies. The Court of Verderers consists of the same members acting in their administrative capacity. They discussed the powers of the "agisters," or forest-keepers, and heard a presentment concerning proposed new by-laws



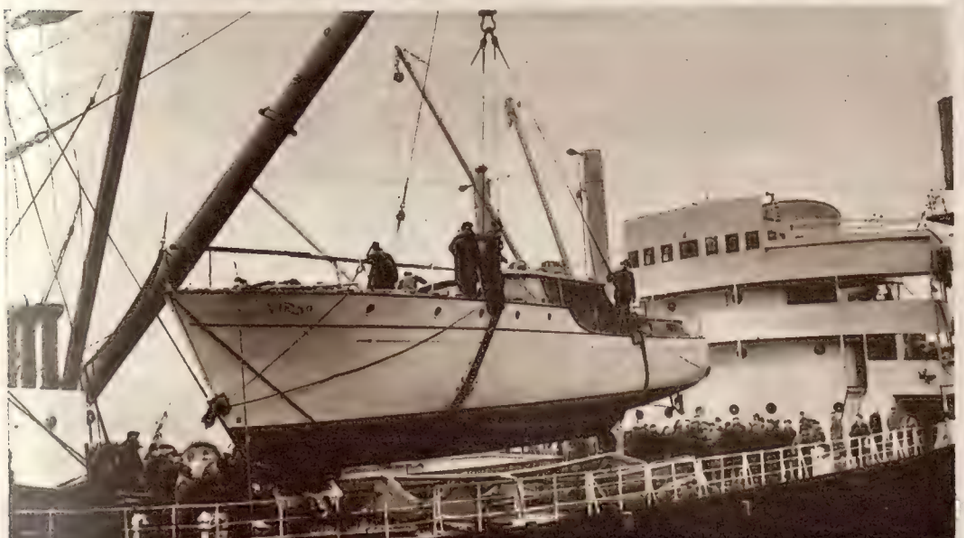
A SWEDISH SHIP AT LONDON BRIDGE: The "Saga" illuminated for the celebration of Epiphany. Passengers aboard the Madeira-bound *Saga* had a party to celebrate Epiphany (a public holiday in Sweden). At night the ship was lit with fairy lights, making a gay sight for home-bound City workers. The passengers broadcast to their homeland on the B.B.C. European Service. The 6,500-ton *Saga*, a post-war addition to the Swedish-Lloyd line, is one of the largest ships to come up to London Bridge

IMPRESARIOS OF THE SAWDUST RING: The Mills Brothers entertain Ringling at Olympia—Cyril B. Mills, John Ringling North and Bernard Mills. John Ringling North is the head of Ringling Brothers—Barnum and Bailey, the great American circus association. He is on a European talent-spotting tour for the Madison Square season, and has already visited Spain, Italy, Belgium and France. Inevitably, he visited Olympia Circus before going on to Blackpool, Manchester and Glasgow

CUTTING THE BADDELEY CAKE AT DRURY LANE: Frank Collins, Master of the Baddeley Cake Fund, with the cast of "Oklahoma." Robert Baddeley, a pastry cook turned actor, died in 1794, leaving a sum of £100 to provide a cake bearing his name which should be cut for "His Majesty's Company of Comedians." The ceremony takes place annually on Twelfth Night and has gone on since 1795, broken only by the two wars. Whichever company is playing at Drury Lane becomes "His Majesty's Company of Comedians," and this year it is the cast of *Oklahoma*

THE SPINSTERS' BALL AT MORANT HALL, LYNDHURST: An eightsome reel which brought spinsters and bachelors together. In 1911, some New Forest bachelors got together and designed for themselves a coat-of-arms incorporating playing-cards, a pipe, a latchkey and a corkscrew. Their crest was the cap of liberty. Thus armed, they invited the local spinsters to a ball. The spinsters returned their hospitality with a ball of their own in 1914. The dances became annual events until the last war began. This picture was taken at the first post-war ball, made colourful by the dresses of the spinsters, and the hunting-pink and the green livery of the Buck Hounds among the bachelors. These wear buttons engraved with a medieval "stirrup." In the reign of William Rufus, it was decreed that all dogs kept in the forest which could not squeeze through a stirrup must be maimed to prevent them harrying the Royal game

THE JANUARY SALES BEGIN: The scene on the opening day of the sale at a Bond Street dress-shop. The queue before opening-time had stretched over 100 yards down the street. "Old look" clothes were disposed of at some surprisingly low prices



AN 18-TON MOTOR YACHT IS EXPORTED TO THE UNITED STATES: The "Viking" was loaded on to the "Pampas" at Victoria Docks, London, for the first part of her journey to America. The *Viking* was built by Vospers of Portsmouth and is an example of the diverse variety of goods that is earning much-needed dollars for us. She will travel to the Bahamas on the *Pampas* on the first stage of her journey. She will then make a demonstration voyage from Key West to Jacksonville, and is scheduled to arrive in Miami at the beginning of February next

A FORGER'S PLANT IN A LONDON FLAT: A detective examining the press and chemicals. Millions of clothing coupons and ration books have been forged during the war and post-war years. Early this month police swooped on two houses in West London and discovered hand-printing presses, plates and chemicals which had been used for illegal printing, and two men and two women were charged with "illegal possession of certain forged documents calculated to deceive"

DISMANTLING THE TEMPORARY BRIDGE AT MILLBANK : Men at work on a crane above the central span as they set about the task of dismantlement. This temporary bridge, which has its northern approach near the Tate Gallery, could have done duty for Lambeth, Westminster or Vauxhall Bridges if by chance they had been hit during the blitz

DOWN COME LONDON'S WAR-TIME BRIDGES

They Spanned the River in War-Time and Might Have Served a Vital Purpose

In the first days of the Second World War some Londoners imagined that in a matter of hours vast areas of the city would be flattened; others visualised our fighter aircraft and A.-A. defences holding the enemy at bay. Between these two opposites lay the truth, but nothing could be left to chance, and the construction of temporary bridges across the Thames was obviously a vital precaution. If Britain had been invaded and the bulk of the Thames bridges had been destroyed, it is possible that the temporary bridges might have allowed the passage of sufficient artillery and armour to save the day. As events turned out, the London bridges survived almost intact, save for a minor disaster at Hungerford and another in the City. Even after the Luftwaffe had done its worst, not even a fluke descent by a V1 or V2 came to disturb the flow of cross-river traffic

THE TIMBER GOES FIRST : Removing the carriageway of the bridge at Millbank, which will soon have disappeared, no longer constituting a reminder of our war-time perils

A MOBILE CRANE GOES INTO ACTION : Removing the girders of the Millbank Bridge, the first of the temporary structures across the River Thames to be demolished

ONLY THREE PLANKS MORE : A police launch passing beneath Millbank Bridge as the demolition squad continued with the task of removing the carriageway. The bridge is of more solid construction than would at first appear, and it was capable of taking tanks and guns

GRASSHOLM IS SECURE

A Celebrated Bird Sanctuary is Purchased

In 1943 the little island of Grassholm was threatened with extinction as a bird sanctuary when scheduled for use as a bombing target by heavy bombers of the United States Air Force. That misfortune was averted at the last moment, but in 1945, Dr. Julian Huxley disclosed that the island had, in fact, been used for bombing by British aircraft. Now, with the purchase of the island by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, the Grassholm sanctuary is virtually made safe; and that great army of ornithologists comprising the West Wales Field Society can breathe a collective sigh of relief. West Wales Field Society will continue to play a part in the maintenance of Grassholm, which lies a short distance out to sea from the sanctuaries on Skokholm and Skomer Islands, between St. Bride's Bay and Freshwater Bay.

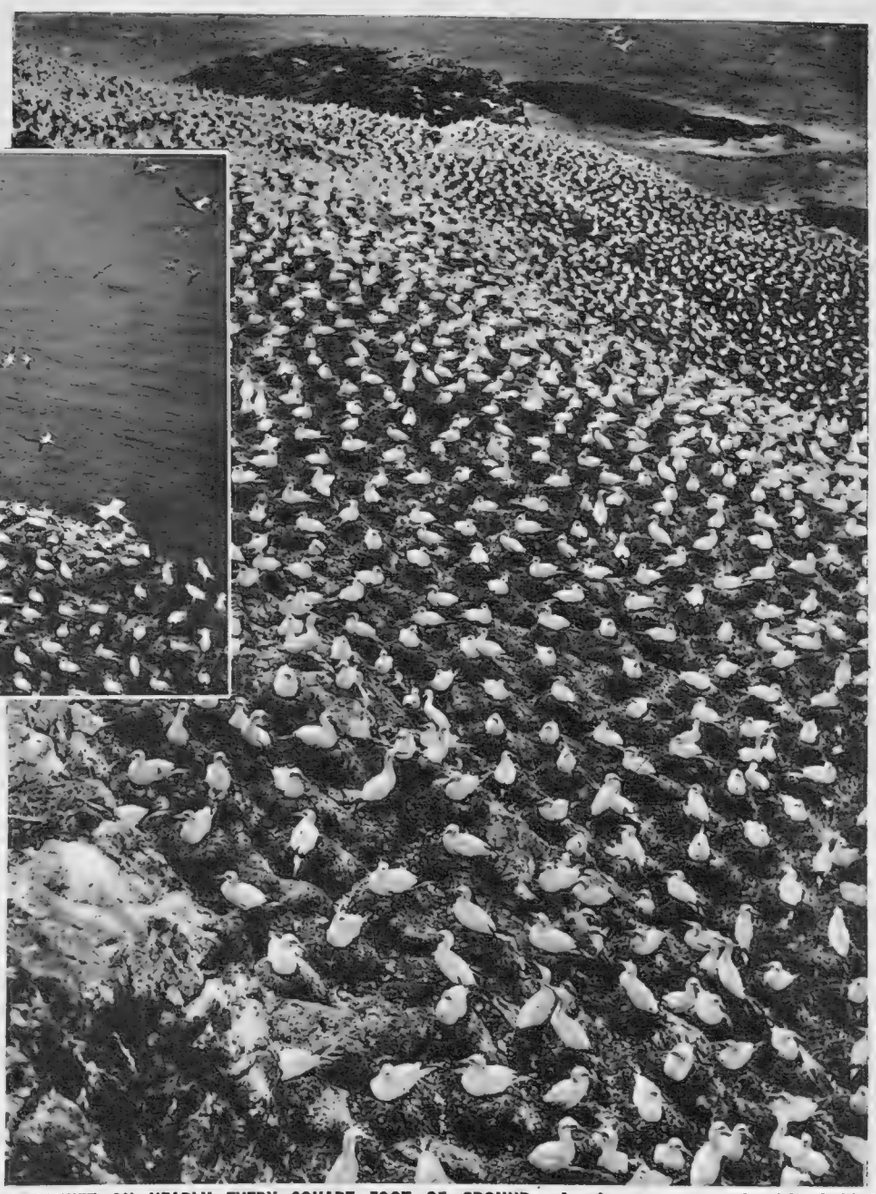
The small amount of bombing that has occurred on Grassholm would not appear to have had serious results, as the gannet colony there is quite as large as it was in 1939. Guillemots and puffins are other notable visitors to this part of the Welsh coast.

Members of the West Wales Field Society make numerous expeditions to Grassholm in the course of the year, and on most occasions ringing of young and adult birds takes place.

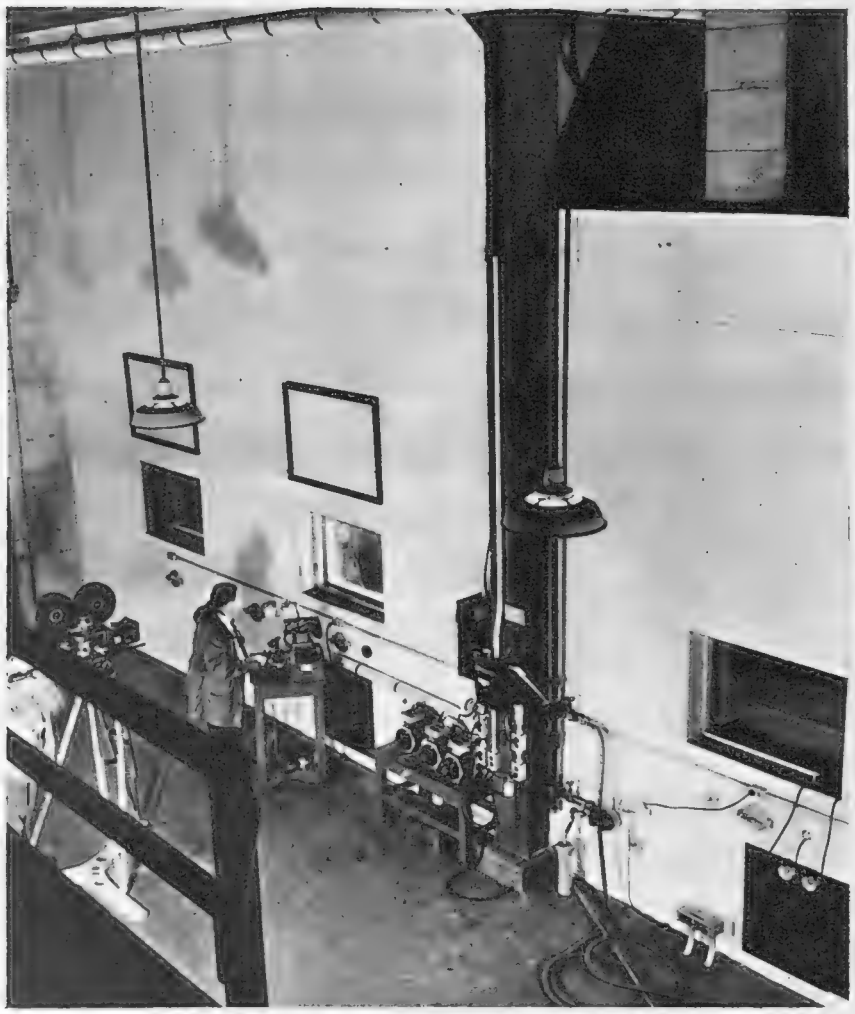
THE BIRDS FORGATHER ON THE TOWERING CLIFFS OF GRASSHOLM: A spectacular scene on this island bird sanctuary off the Pembrokeshire coast which has been purchased from Mr. Malcolm Stuart by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. The Society intends to maintain the island in its present condition in co-operation with the West Wales Field Society, whose members have in the past taken a keenly active interest in the work

THE VAST COLONY OF GANNETS ON GRASSHOLM: This island of some 23 acres is the home of 6,000 pairs of gannets, which nest there each summer. It is also the home of the grey seal

A PAIR OF GANNETS AND THEIR YOUNG ON GRASSHOLM: During eight visits in 1946 about 350 young and adult gannets on the island were ringed by members of the West Wales Field Society



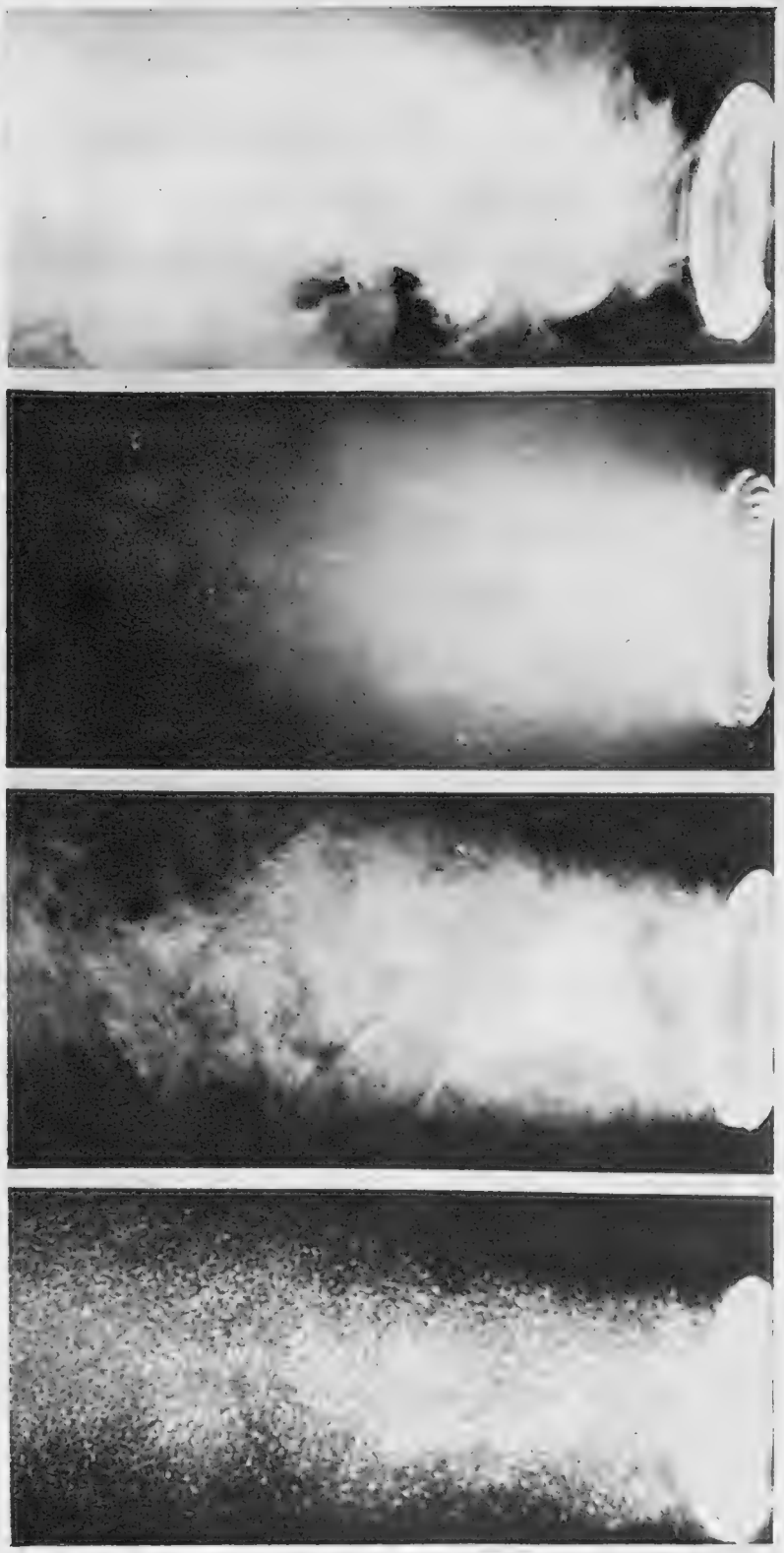
A GANNET ON NEARLY EVERY SQUARE FOOT OF GROUND: Another scene on the island bird sanctuary of Grassholm. The gannet, or solan goose, is one of the larger sea-fowls. It has pure white plumage with the exception of some black feathers adorning the wings



AMERICA'S BLIZZARD FACTORY

Creating Polar Conditions for the Testing of Military Equipment

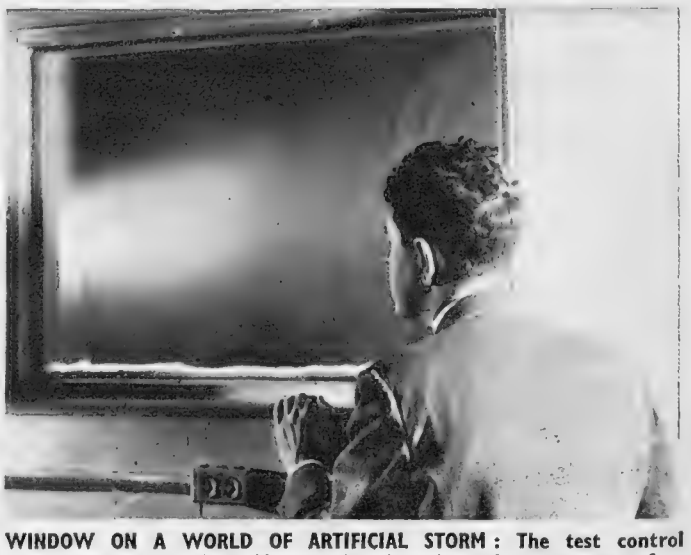
WATCHING THE PROGRESS OF A MACHINE-MADE BLIZZARD : An engineer of the United States Signal Corps looking through the window into the test chamber at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, where a giant refrigerating plant has been installed to simulate storms of polar intensity, with a view to testing military equipment under such conditions. *Below*—A microscopic crystal formed in the test room



THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BLIZZARD THROUGH FOUR PHASES : Top—Live steam is introduced into the test chamber at Fort Monmouth in order to produce the specially-conditioned vapour cloud necessary for the experiment. The second picture shows the development of the super-cooled cloud identical with that found in nature. The third picture shows the start of nucleation with the introduction of a few pellets of dry ice. Myriads of microscopic crystals are formed. The bottom picture shows the snow crystals drifting together to form snowflakes, which fall to the floor of the test chamber

The tests at Fort Monmouth, which will have a distinct bearing on future trends in the design of military equipment, are organised on a most elaborate scale. In order to make the test chamber adaptable for blizzard-making, it is first necessary to rid it of heat stored in the air, the walls, and the floor. From then on a temperature of 40 degrees below zero is maintained by one of the largest low-temperature refrigeration plants ever installed in Eastern America. Live steam at high temperature is later injected into the test room, creating moisture in the form of a visible cloud. The cloud cools rapidly to a temperature below the freezing-point of water, forming a super-cooled cloud identical with those found in nature. When this cloud reaches a temperature of 5 to 10 degrees above zero, nucleation may be induced through the simple process of shaking into it a small bag of dry ice about the size of a finger-tip. When the cloud reaches a temperature near minus 40 degrees, the crystallising process begins, forming millions of microscopic snow crystals which, on contact with each other, form snowflakes and create a blizzard.

READY FOR THE TEST CHAMBER : Equipment receiving a final check before being placed under test in the polar conditions artificially created in the Fort Monmouth chamber. On removal from the test chamber engineers will again carry out full-scale checks



WINDOW ON A WORLD OF ARTIFICIAL STORM : The test control operator at Fort Monmouth observing the progress of a blizzard of his own making through the window of the climatic test chamber. Ice can be seen gathering on the glass

SCALING BRITAIN'S SNOW-CLAD PEAKS

Mountaineers in Action in Lakeland and the Highlands

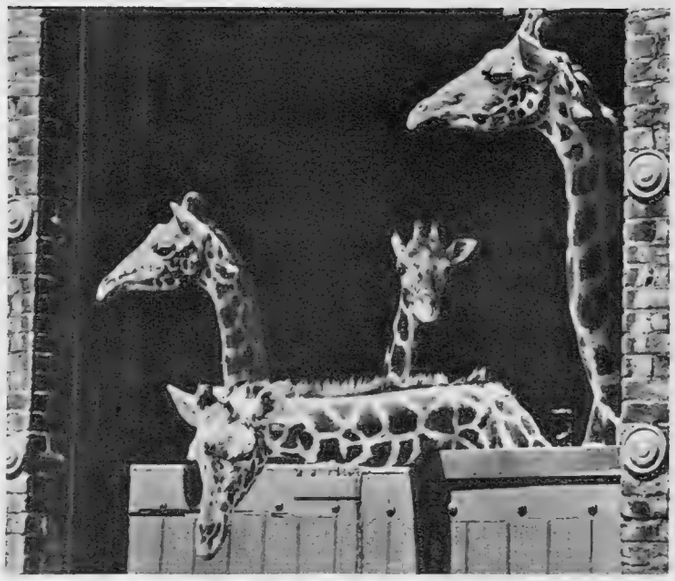
THEY SPENT THEIR NEW YEAR AMID THE WILDS OF LAKELAND: Mr. N. E. J. White, a classical master at Liverpool Merchant Taylors' School, pointing out a landmark to students who accompanied him on a holiday expedition among the peaks of the Lake District. This picture was taken near the base camp on Rossett Crag (2,106 ft.). The main purpose of the expedition was to study meteorological conditions on Lakeland summits

THE CAMP ON ROSSETT CRAG: Where seven students and three teachers spent part of their Christmas holidays and saw the New Year in. Four members of the party are looking out across the snow-covered landscape towards the Langdale Pikes. In the centre of the group in the background is Mr. N. E. J. White, who led the expedition. For their sojourn on the mountain top they used light portable tents (little more than bivouacs), and they did their cooking on the primus seen in the foreground

APPROACHING THE SUMMIT RIDGE—A DRAMATIC WINTER SCENE AMID THE MOUNTAINS ABOVE GLEN NEVIS: This magnificent picture comes from the Mamore area, near Fort William, where numerous Scottish climbing enthusiasts spent the Christmas and New Year holidays. On Ben Nevis itself there are great opportunities for the rock climber, but this is certainly not the time of year to indulge in Alpine acrobatics

On left—**LYME HALL UNDER A WINTER MANTLE:** This celebrated property near Stockport, for 600 years in the possession of the Legh family, was taken over by the National Trust in 1946 and has since been leased by the Trust to Stockport Corporation, who require it as a recreational centre. At the end of last year there was much opposition to the suggestion that the Ministry of Fuel was about to start open-cast mining in the grounds, and as a result the project has been abandoned. The park and adjacent moorland cover 1,323 acres. The Hall is of Jacobean date, and was enlarged and altered by Giacomo Leoni in 1726, and again added to by Lewis Wyatt in 1817. It contains several elaborate Jacobean rooms

TYPICAL WALT DISNEY CREATIONS: Two of the king penguins who are proving a great attraction at the London Zoo



SOMETIMES THEY SUFFER FROM SORE THROATS: The young giraffes at the London Zoo find the winter months most distasteful, but they have made good progress since arriving from Nairobi over a year ago

IN ATTITUDES OF ABANDON: Peter and Lizzie are two baby orang-outangs who arrived at Regent's Park last October

LIONS AND TIGERS ARE GETTING EXPENSIVE

London Zoo Finds There is an All-round Rise in Prices

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE abnormally warm weather for the first week of 1948 has had little or no effects on the inmates at the Zoo, because there are no hibernating animals there—unless you count the beavers. The almost springlike weather will, however, have lured the hedgehogs out of their winter sleep at Whipsnade, and they may have a bad time trying to dig themselves in again when the next hard snap occurs. . . .

The annual report for 1947 of the Zoological Society will not be published until April. Nevertheless, it is possible to announce that 2,338,000 people passed through the turnstiles last year, and the gross takings will be in the neighbourhood of £300,000, of which over £50,000 should be a net profit, which will then be ploughed straight back into the "business."

During the last fortnight Dr. Vevers, Superintendent to the Zoological Society of London, has been busy stocktaking. Last year the value of the animals in Regent's Park was assessed at £80,000. This year, with the increase in numbers and the rising cost of replacement, they will probably be assessed at six figures. Since the war, over £50,000 worth of animals has been imported. Speaking generally, pre-war prices of animals have trebled in most cases, and often have risen five or six times. Just before the war Dr. Vevers sold six lions for £50 the lot. To-day, a good, upstanding male lion costs between £150 and £200. Tigers, which cost £150 pre-war, are now at least £600. Their price even in Calcutta is £450, and then they have to be brought to England. One reason for this disparity is that tigers are much more hard to breed in captivity, although one tigress at Whipsnade produced thirty-two cubs between 1930 and 1939 from two husbands. Incidentally, her quarters have been handed over to a couple of Kodiak bears, the biggest in the world. When standing up on their hind legs they reach to a height of 13 ft. with their paws outstretched. They come from an island off Alaska and are worth £1,000 apiece.

To continue with the rising cost of animals, the Society had to pay £3,500 for a couple of hippopotami 1,000 miles inland from Mombasa. It cost another several hundred pounds to bring them to England. Dr. Vevers therefore has priced them at £5,000 the pair.

Daisy and Neville, as they are called, are among the many post-war attractions of the Zoo. Poor Ming, the panda, died in 1944 as a result of a deficiency in her diet of bamboo shoots. Her place has been taken by Lien Ho, who is priced at £2,000. When I called on her yesterday, however, she was practically invisible, hiding under the tarpaulin among the girders at the top of her cage. Mok and Moina, the two gorillas who were regarded as the most costly animals in the Zoo, died during the war. In their place is Guy, a baby gorilla who arrived on November 5. He is two-and-a-half, and is just about the same size as a human child of his age. Ultimately, he will grow to a height of 5 ft. or so. In spite of his tender years he is valued at £1,500. It is interesting to see him in his cage alongside some chimpanzees. Gorillas have more powers of reasoning, as compared with imitativeness, than any other animal—and Guy is no exception.

Five young giraffes, perhaps the most graceful animals in captivity, arrived at the Zoo from Nairobi just over a year ago. Originally there were six, but one of them died. Giraffes, owing to the length of their necks, genuinely suffer from sore throats. In order to maintain an even flow of blood up the neck to the head the veins are fitted by Nature with special valves at intervals, but anæmia of the brain is always a menace. It is their height which prevents them from ever being shown in a circus. No wonder that George, who is all of 16½ ft. high, is one of the chief attractions at the Zoo. I am surprised that Dr. Vevers prices him at only £1,500. I should have thought his box-office value would be much greater.

Other attractions at the Zoo are four lion cubs sired by Rota, Mr. Winston Churchill's lion. At the moment they are at a most playful stage and box each other all round the cage. A valuable new addition is the black rhinoceros. She has small, pink evil eyes, but her keeper assured me that she was "tractable." There has been nothing to replace one of my favourites—the komodo dragon, which died during the war. But Komodo is an island of the Celebes which was more or less devastated by the Japs. The dragon used to live in the reptile house, where now a python is hatching out twenty eggs.

Entirely new are the inmates of the Freshwater Hall and the Tropical Hall. The sea-horses are most amusing as they move through the transparent water by means of a rotating fin which acts exactly like a propeller in the small of their back. The blue cardinal fish are very pretty. The turtles look absolutely like Toby Tortoise of Walt Disney. The electric catfish can impart an electric shock equivalent to that of a 12-volt car battery. The electric eel can give an even bigger one. The way it moves on its equivalent to an endless conveyor belt is fascinating. The neon fish, so-called because of their brilliant red and green colouring, have come all the way from South America. The mud skipper climbs trees, in contrast to the feathery sea worms, which remain motionless, with their heads in the sand and their tails looking like old bits of stick with a little fringe on top. The "shocking-pink" of the sea anemones and the egg cases of the spotted dog-fish are in considerable contrast to the perfectly ordinary lobsters and crawfish.

The three king penguins are typical Walt Disney creatures. In fact, one almost wonders whether they are not imitating the cartoonist instead of the reverse. The hamadryad baboons have been deliberately allowed to die out. Their peculiar behaviour in front of youngsters was the cause of so many complaints from the public that they are not going to be replaced.

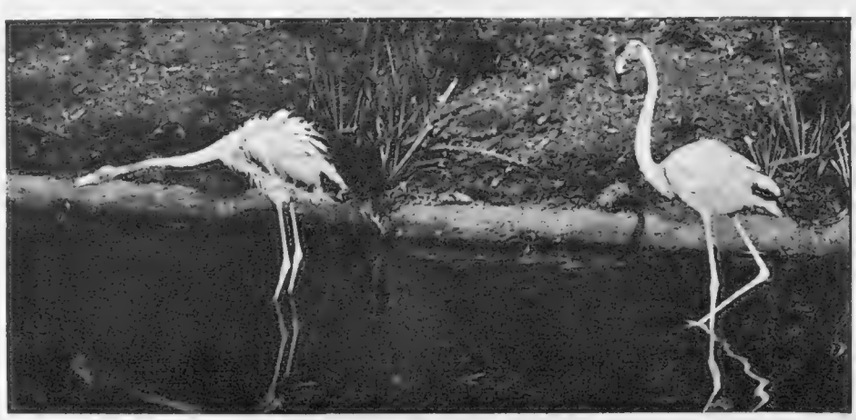
During the war, in spite of the unusually large number of flying-bombs which fell in Regent's Park (eighteen compared with the two in Hyde Park), only four pheasants were killed. It was curious how the gibbons could obviously hear a missile approaching, seconds—if not minutes—ahead of anyone else and started yodelling the alarm. A near miss destroyed the zebra house and all the zebras escaped, one of them being returned to store from Gloucester Gate. But none suffered from more than slight shock and a few superficial cuts. There is still no elephant house in Regent's Park. The old one was pulled down in 1939 with a view to a bigger and better one being built in its place. The war intervened, and even now the Zoological Society can get no permits for new buildings. At the moment there are only four elephants in the Zoo, one African bull, one Indian bull and two young Indian cows. In the circumstances, they have been put into the old gorilla house. The large riding elephants were moved to Whipsnade on September 3, 1939.

The sociable vulture and Steller's sea eagle do not attract as much attention from the public as the baby Malayan bears, but their gaunt profiles always impress me.

During this coming year the Society hopes to get a whole shipload of animals from Australia. There are no Australian reptiles at the Zoo and very few Australian birds. A few extra kangaroos, too, would help. Another shipment from Malaya and Borneo, including Argus pheasants, is expected. At the moment there are no birds of paradise, but it is hoped that this typical Zoo bird will once again entrance everybody. The rock on which the hamadryad baboons used to have their fights and frolics is now occupied by H.M. Royal goats. This white, old English variety provides the regimental mascots for the 23rd Foot, the Royal Welch Fusiliers. During the war nearly a dozen of them were taken by different battalions to different parts of the world. Before their departure, a regimental goat corporal of the Royal Welch Fusiliers trains them for a fortnight, so that they will behave properly on parade and ceremonial march-pasts. A two-year-old is usually selected for the shape of its horns, which are gilded and then have knobs put on them.

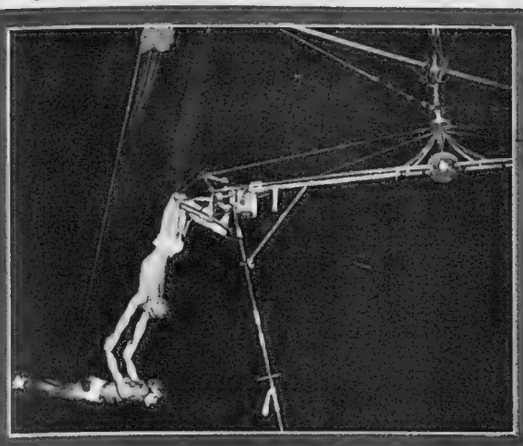
Even at this time of year over 1,000 people pass through the turnstiles each day—a figure which increases to over 20,000 a day in August. Not less than 500,000 people visited the Zoo in one month last year, the equivalent to the whole year's attendance at Whipsnade. Unless basic petrol is renewed, by the way, Whipsnade is in for a bad year.

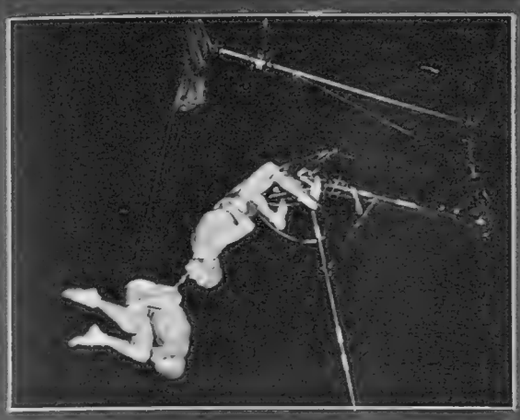
The popularity of the Bertram Mills and Harringay circuses is another incentive for youngsters to ask their parents to let them see more elephants, lions and tigers, not to mention the hippopotami, alligators and other brutes which cannot be shown in a circus.

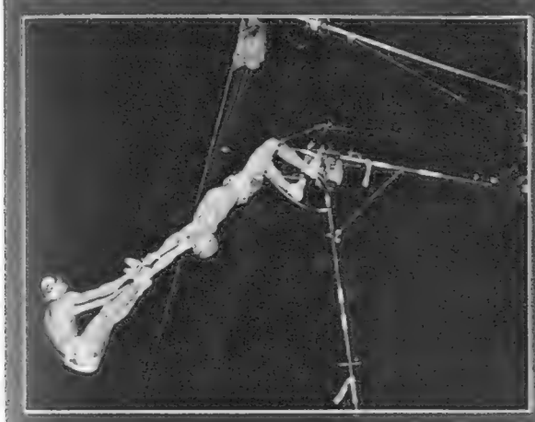


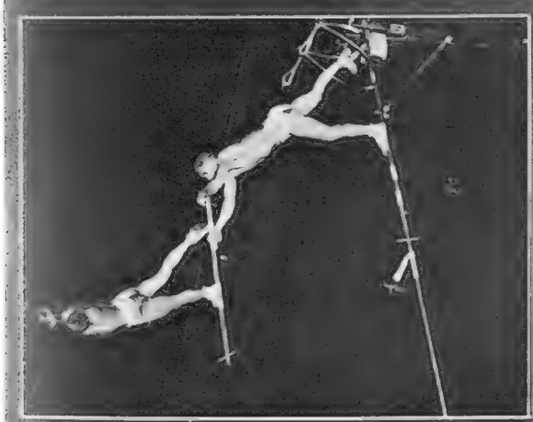
THE FLAMINGOES PARADE IN THEIR POND: Two more popular attractions at the London Zoo, which, with the disappearance of basic petrol, is expected to enjoy a bumper year in 1948. Whipsnade, on the other hand, is very likely to see a decline in attendance

CIRCUS AND STAGE





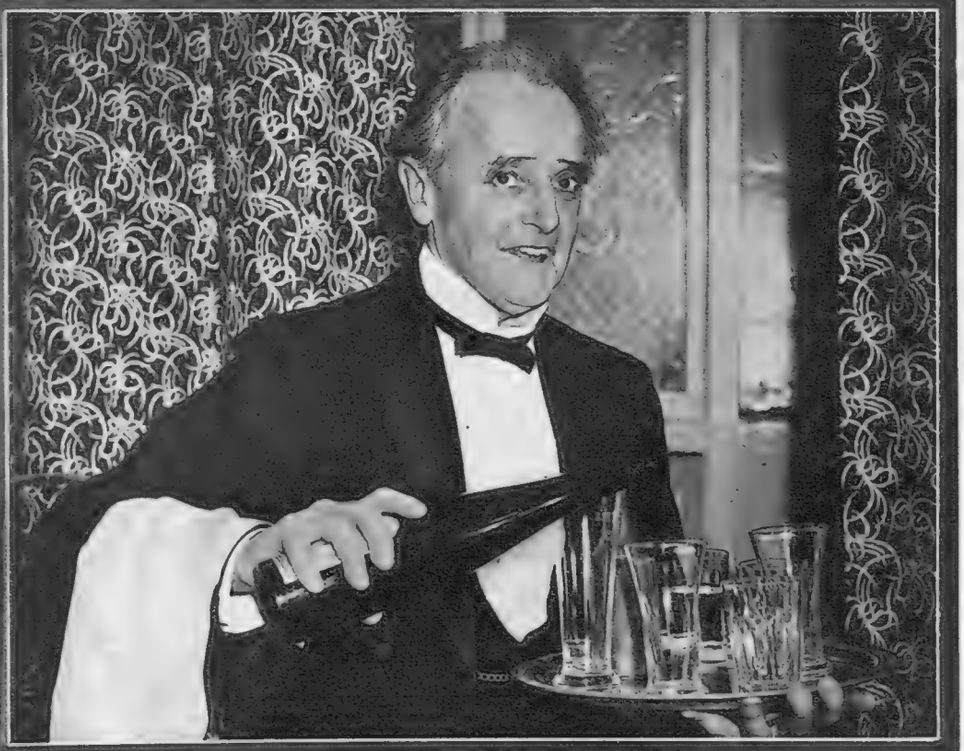




ONE OF OLYMPIA'S MOST SENSATIONAL ACTS: Close-ups of the de Riaz Trio in some of their spectacular evolutions. Cyril Mills booked the Trio de Riaz in Paris during one of his European talent-spotting trips. It is the big sensational act of this year's circus at Olympia. As shown in the above pictures, the de Riaz do a trapeze act suspended high over the sawdust ring. To the other end of the horizontal bar is attached a model of a Spitfire aircraft which zooms after the performers in a most alarming manner. It is generally considered the most nerve-racking of all the acts. The Press photographer who took these pictures climbed to the roof of Olympia to obtain them. This year's circus has all the usual ingredients for the great success it is enjoying—thrills, novelties, clowns and animal acts, of which Bertram Mills' Liberty Horses is undoubtedly the most popular. Cyril and Bernard Mills travelled many thousands of miles to see circus acts from which the final selection was made. It includes Belgian, Norwegian, Swedish, Czech, Italian, French, Irish Free State, Arabian, Canadian, Danish, Luxembourg, Russian and British acts. Japanese and German acts will not be booked for another eight years by an agreement with the variety and circus profession

". . . LAY ON, MACDUFF . . .": Clement McCallin as Macduff and Michael Redgrave as Macbeth in Norris Houghton's production of "Macbeth" at the Aldwych Theatre. Michael Redgrave had the intention of presenting and playing *Macbeth* on the London stage seven years ago, but films, other stage work and service in the Royal Navy prevented him doing so until now. The production at the Aldwych Theatre is for a limited season, after which the company will go to America for a season in New York. The settings and costumes were designed by Paul Sheriff, and incidental music was specially composed by Alan Bush

". . . WHAT 'S DONE CANNOT BE UNDONE": Ena Burrill as Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene in the new production of "Macbeth" at the Aldwych Theatre



A GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE THEATRE: Harcourt Williams celebrates his fiftieth year on the stage at a party given for him by Henry Sherek at Wyndham's Theatre, where Williams is now playing in the revival of George Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell"

At the Theatre Royal, Belfast, in 1897, Harcourt Williams made his first appearance on the stage with F. R. Benson's company. He played the Duke of Bedford in *King Henry the Fifth*. Now, fifty years later, he is playing the waiter in the revival of G. B. Shaw's *You Never Can Tell*, at Wyndham's Theatre. Williams stayed with Benson's company for five years, making his first appearance in London in 1900 at the Lyceum. From then on followed a succession of engagements such as few actors can equal. The recording of them fills two pages of *Who's Who in the Theatre*

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

FROM BEOWULF TO DYLAN THOMAS

A New Anthology of Poetry That Rivals Palgrave and the "Oxford Book of English Verse"

NOT since the days of Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, or the *Oxford Book of English Verse*, has there been an anthology in any way comparable with POETRY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD (Heinemann. 15s.). Its selection is the result of a lifetime of reading and many years of work by Mr. Richard Aldington, whose own reputation as a poet and distinguished scholar prepares one in some measure for the riches to be found in this volume. And this is a true case of "there's richness for you," since, in spite of the book's compact size and clear type, there are no fewer than 905 pages of poetry in it, and the scope is the widest yet attempted: beginning with an extract from *Beowulf*, presumed to have been written between 600 and 800 A.D. and ending with the contemporary verses of Dylan Thomas and of Delmore Schwartz, both of whom were born in 1914 and are still young people.

In his long and sensitively-written introduction, Mr. Aldington points out that this is a "general" as contrasted with a "personal" anthology, and gives Robert Bridges' *The Spirit of Man* and Aldous Huxley's *Texts and Pretexts* as examples of the latter kind.

"The difference between these two types of anthologist," he writes, "is that the 'personal' anthologist is on the look-out for unusual or neglected poetry, whereas the 'general' anthologist tries to give the best of a period—which, in the present case, is poetry in the English language. But then, the most personal of anthologists, even Mr. Huxley, cannot avoid quoting some poems which other people have heard of; and the most conventional of general anthologists does display a personal taste, even if that taste turns out to be merely timid, academic, and correct."

Those three qualifications have little to do with the present volume, whose outstanding characteristics are breadth of taste and freshness of vision. The whole conception of the making of the book has been freer and wider than with the anthologies of the past sixty or eighty years, and it is just that freedom and originality of choice that is Mr. Aldington's special contribution. That, and the encyclopædically wide knowledge of letters that made such a work possible to undertake.

Of course the reader will find many poems here that are familiar to him and well loved, and, equally, of course, he will be bound to miss some that for one reason or another have been chosen as favourites by him, and discarded by the anthologist. I could give you half-a-dozen examples of these myself, and so could any other person who has for years enjoyed the reading of poetry. The important thing must remain the cumulative result and effect of the collection, and that is really superb: a work of scholarship and, I suspect, in its own way, a work of devotion.

"Nomad" is the pseudonym of Mr. Norman Ellison, a naturalist who is well known to children, and to many appreciative parents, on the B.B.C.'s Northern Children's Hour. He has a simple style of delivery and of writing, the eye of one of the hawks he describes, and apparently unending patience for the study of country life.

In a charmingly produced book, OUT OF DOORS WITH NOMAD (University of London Press. 7s. 6d.), which may be primarily intended for the young but which is destined to be read by the middle-aged and elderly in almost as great numbers, Mr. Ellison tells the story of a canoe trip to explore the River Ursk, with a schoolboy nephew. They have a number of adventures, at least as edifying as those experienced by Mr Dick Barton; they sleep in a haunted farmhouse, come across salmon poachers at night, and generally disport themselves in a brave and Elizabethan way, at the same time keeping two pairs of eyes and two pairs of ears open for the birds and fishes and animals they see and hear.

At least sixteen of Mr. C. J. Tunnicliffe's illustrations are worth separate mounting and framing as exquisite little nature studies, and as that would be pure vandalism to a well-designed book, I will only suggest that you buy, not borrow, the volume, and keep it for your private delight.

Mr. Emmett of *Punch*, an honourable title in itself, takes one from the world of nature to the world of pure fantasy with a book of his drawings mainly concerned with trains that obey no rules, and least of all the laws of gravity. HOME RAILS PREFERRED (Faber. 10s. 6d.) contains some very good jokes—I liked the one about the jewel thieves in their low, black car dashing through the country mansion's drawing-room—but I think I would like the collection almost as much if it were wordless.

Two of this week's novels, though utterly different in treatment, have the same uncomplicated theme: the love of two men for one woman. If you think that is just about the oldest theme in the world, you will be right, but at the same time, if you reflect, you will realise that it is one that is not often presented nowadays in all its simplicity. In the contemporary novel the issue is generally complicated by political implications if it is modern in setting, or by an overloading of romantic detail if it is an historical novel.

Here we have Mr. David John Welsh writing about a woman, her husband and her lover, and M. Jacques Natanson writing about a woman, her husband and her lover, and both authors are properly confident that they have there a good and sufficient subject for a full-length story. Perhaps they are right.

Mr. Welsh's novel, A FLOWER IN A FORTRESS (Falcon Press. 8s. 6d.), is his first, and all the more interesting for that. The setting he has chosen is exotic enough to our northern eyes, for it is the desert city of Aleppo, but the story of the rich man, his remote and apparently cold wife, and her passionate young lover would translate very well to a more temperate climate. He concentrates on character and emotion, and achieves some very effective results.

LORD PEMBROKE IS INVESTED AS WARDEN OF THE WEAVERS GUILD: Mr. L. E. Tanner (right), of the Worshipful Company of Weavers, is seen handing the ancient staff of office to Lord Pembroke at a recent ceremony at Wilton, Wilts. The guild received its charter in 1700 and the original Warden's staff was used at the ceremony. After the ceremony the senior weaver—forty-five-year-old Charlie Gale—was rolled into the Wilton Town Hall in a barrel. This was in memory of the ninth Earl of Pembroke, who smuggled to London two weavers from Paris, thereby laying the foundations of Royal Wilton Carpet Company

M. Natanson is a successful Paris playwright, and THE INTRIGUE (Hamish Hamilton. 6s.) is his first novel, as well. The scene is Paris, and the protagonists are a rich man, his cool and beautiful wife, and her bold and cynical lover. M. Natanson is a sophisticate and something of a wit in the Gallic sense; two circumstances which make a radical difference between the two novels. His chosen treatment is satirical and, on the whole, lighthearted in spite of the violence of action that is incidental to his story.

For the lover, in the plot he has contrived, is paid by the husband to distract the lady from her dangerous *penchant* for another man, and when he falls deeply in love himself, it surprises and alarms him. Apart from a shooting for which, it is implied, he will never be blamed, the course of his life is little altered, however, and his character, or lack of it, hardly affected.

As I say, the two books are basically different in sentiment and in style, and the likeness of subject only makes the contrast more diverting.

It was as French Minister at Teheran that Count Gobineau gathered much of his experience of the Near East, and the six stories in his TALES OF ASIA (Bles. 10s. 6d.) reflect much of the imagery, the peculiar humour and the tortuous processes of thought that, to Western eyes, typify that part of the world. These are well-named "tales," for their structure is rather that of spoken narrative—again in the tradition—than of the more concisely-turned short story.

WHEN RAFFLES MET BONAPARTE

A New Biography of the Founder of Singapore

In 1816 Thomas Stamford Raffles, homeward bound from Java, paused for a few brief hours at the island of St. Helena, and there, in meeting Napoleon, he satisfied a deep and long-felt desire. What Raffles, the brilliant but not always appreciated servant of the East India Company, for ever in danger of being caught in the toils of pro-consular red tape, admired about the little Corsican was his dash and vigour, the sweepingly bold and imaginative nature of his conceptions. They had both been in the business of empire building, and Raffles was not unnaturally attracted. It was their first and last meeting. Raffles returned to England to a knighthood and momentary acclaim, repeated his wise and statesmanlike administration of Java on the island of Sumatra, and then, by the founding of Singapore, an effort of singular farsightedness, gave the *coup de grâce* to Holland's dreams of a *mare clausum* amid the eastern archipelago. In the few mightily eventful years from 1811 to 1824, a lesser period than that in which Napoleon stood astride Europe, Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles bestrode the eastern world, but not, be it noted, in the ruthless, all-dominating manner of his Corsican hero, but "without fear and without reproach," in the manner of a great and wise humanitarian. In RAFFLES OF SINGAPORE (Francis Aldon. 15s.), Emily Hahn tells the story of this restless genius who allied realism to nobility of mind, and, scorning hero-worship, she does him that full measure of justice which he certainly never knew in his brief life of forty-five years and his luckless widow certainly never knew after his death, when a grateful East India Company placed upon her a charge of £10,000 for the Singapore action. Lady Raffles paid the fine, and Singapore became the corner-stone of our eastern commonwealth. "The East India Company," declares Miss Hahn, "had behaved in regard to Raffles' money like a carefully selected committee of highly pedigreed hogs." Many a historian could have delivered a more dignified judgment, but Miss Hahn's racy verdict suffices admirably.

Here is a book the anti-Soviet propagandists will welcome with open arms, which the lover of truth will read with cautious interest, and which the Communist will denounce from the housetops. Its title is FORCED LABOUR IN SOVIET RUSSIA (Hollis and Carter. 25s.), and the authors are David J. Dallin and Boris I. Nicolaevsky, the former an opposition deputy in the Moscow Soviet from 1918 to 1921, and later, like Trotsky, one of the world's unwanted wanderers. Since 1940 Dr. Dallin has made his home in New York, and from there he has delivered his broadsides against Red Russia. They have found an easy mark. This latest work, presented with lavish documentation, constitutes a strong factual indictment of the Soviet Labour camps which Dr. Dallin and his co-author liken to the Belsens and Buchenwalds of the Nazi regime. The camps, they say, represent a return in the twentieth century to slave labour as an institution of government. In all that they contend, and some of their contentions are horrifying, the authors may be right, and, if so, it is a cause for abiding shame. But condemnation, coming from men so bitterly hostile, must be accepted with reservation. In a world buzzing with propaganda, the reader must walk like Agag.

THIS IS SOUTH AFRICA (John Clark. 12s. 6d.), by Leslie Blackwell and Henry John May, touches upon most aspects of everyday life in the Union, and in the Rhodesias. One of the authors, Mr. Justice Blackwell, has been for twenty-seven years a member of the Union Parliament, and is one of South Africa's best known personalities.

In the fulfilling a long-felt-want class is BRITISH MUSIC: AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BRITISH MUSICIANS, compiled by Russell Palmer (Skelton Robinson. 18s.). The biographical index is admirably compiled, dealing with all the front-rank British artists, many of whom do not at the present time find inclusion in any sort of dictionary.

An excellent book with a not particularly bright title is THE TRAINS WE LOVED, by Hamilton Ellis (Allen and Unwin. 15s.). Here is railway history for the railway enthusiast, an account of the romantic age of steam trains which the author, in his enthusiasm, likens to the golden age of the clippers. Mr. Ellis's stories of the Irish railways are first-rate, and also his accounts of the racing rivalry of the '90's.

IS EVOLUTION PROVED? (Hollis and Carter. 18s.) is a debate between Douglas Dewar and H. S. Shelton. The latter is the champion of Darwinism, and the former, an ornithologist, tells us just why he rejects the whole concept of organic evolution. It is left to the reader to sum up.

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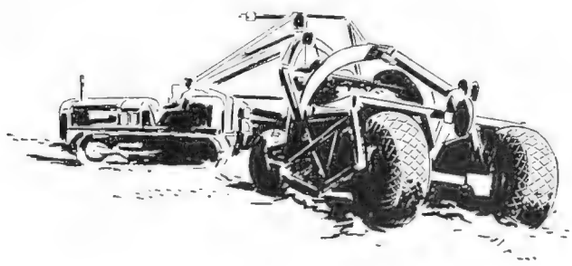

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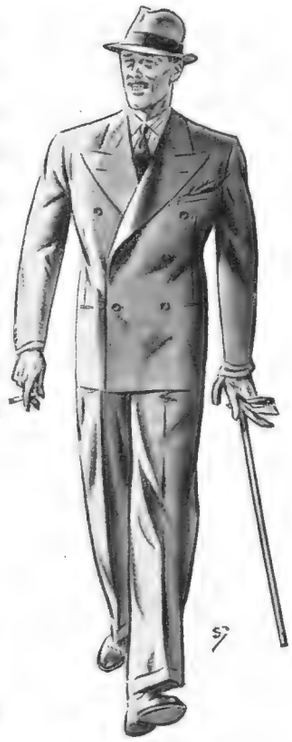

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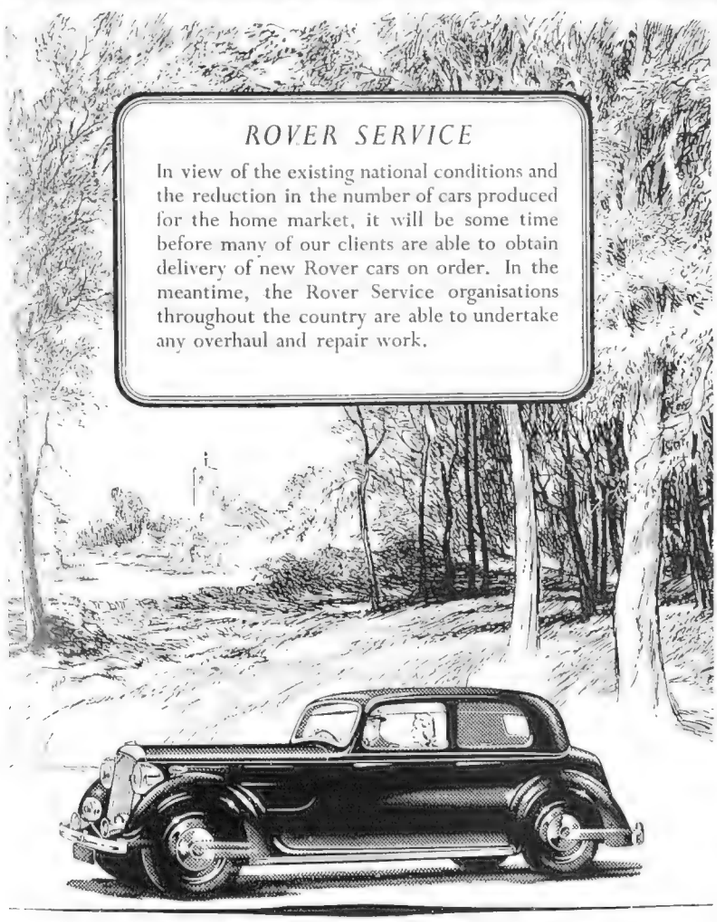

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John Mayow

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Though Mayow produced some remarkably shrewd theories on chemical affinity and was one of the first chemists to explain how nitric acid is produced by the action of sulphuric acid on nitre, his reputation rests on his work as a practical experimenter. He was born in London in 1643 and entered Wadham College, Oxford, in 1658. He died at Bath at the early age of thirty-five, a few months after his election to the Fellowship of the Royal Society. John Mayow, English physician, was one of several chemists who helped to solve the riddle of combustion — one of the most fundamental reactions in chemistry.

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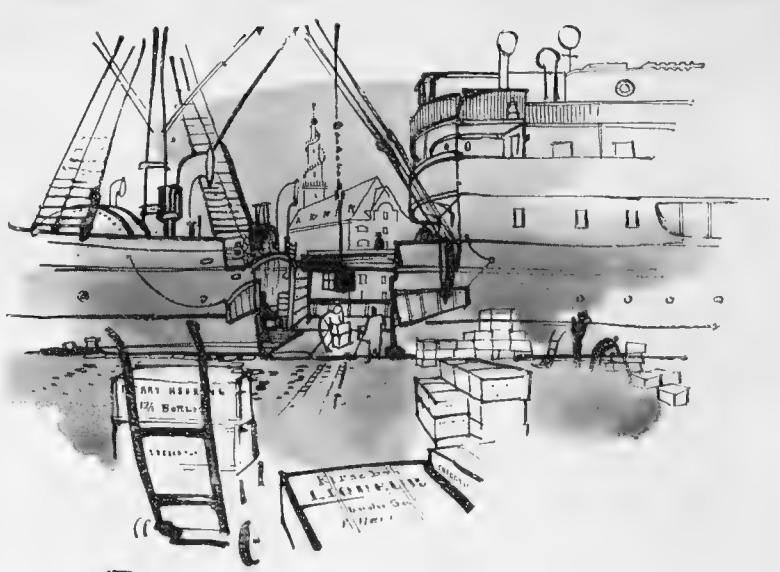

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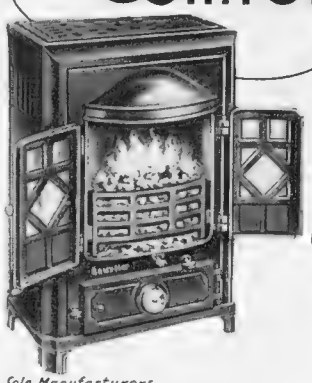

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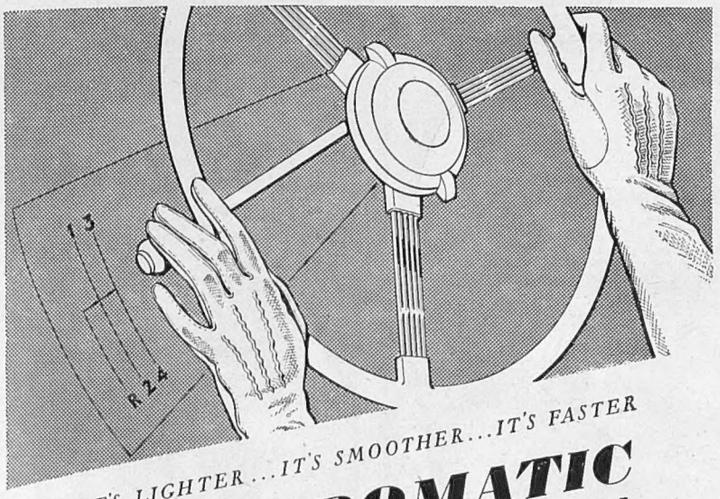

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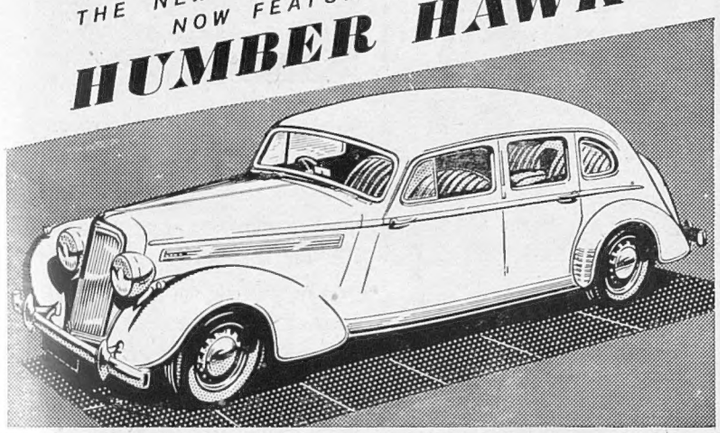

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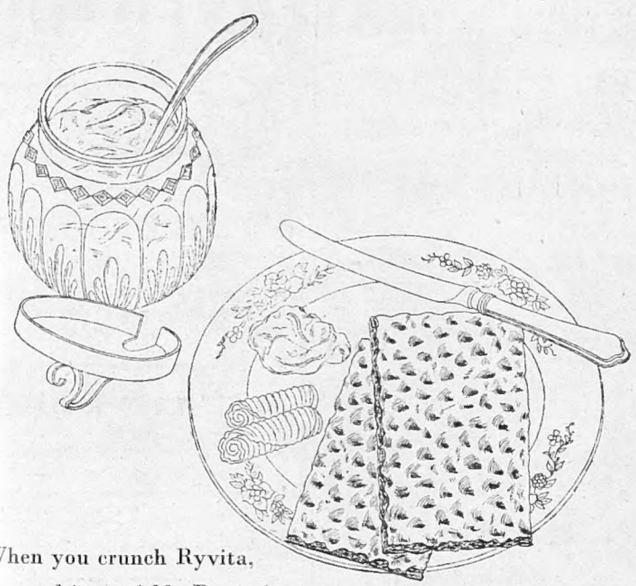

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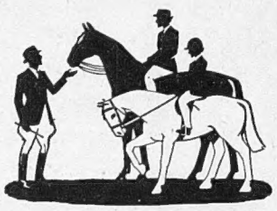

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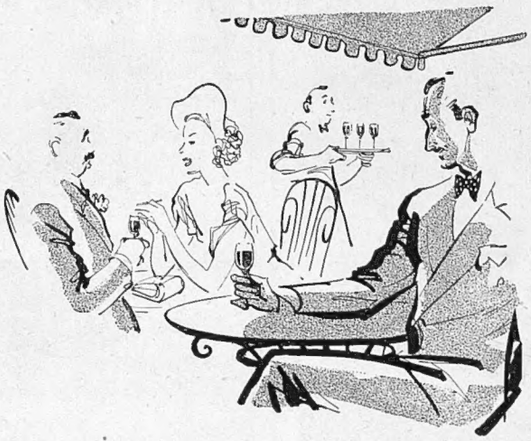

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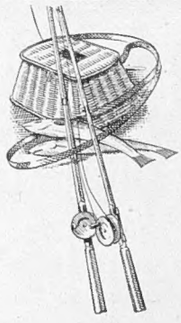

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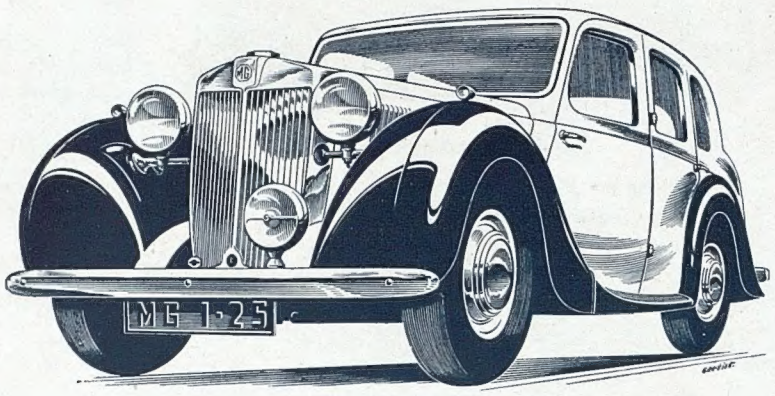

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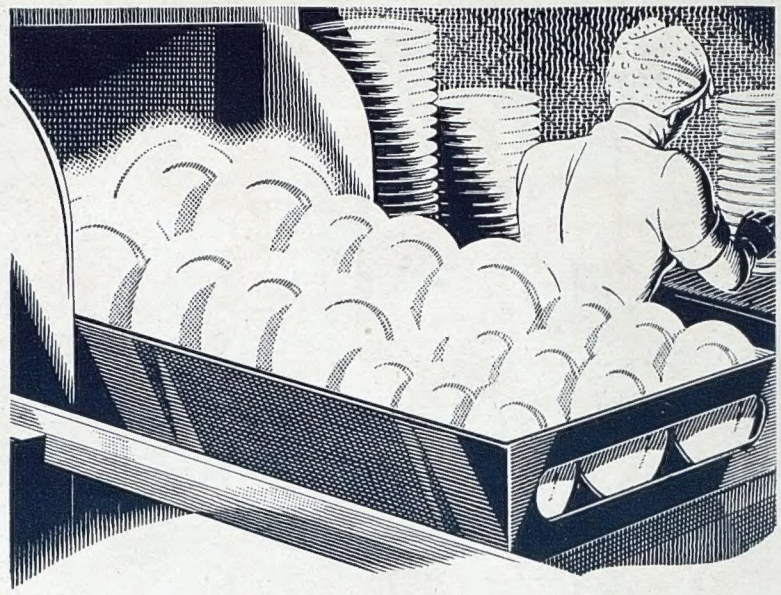

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